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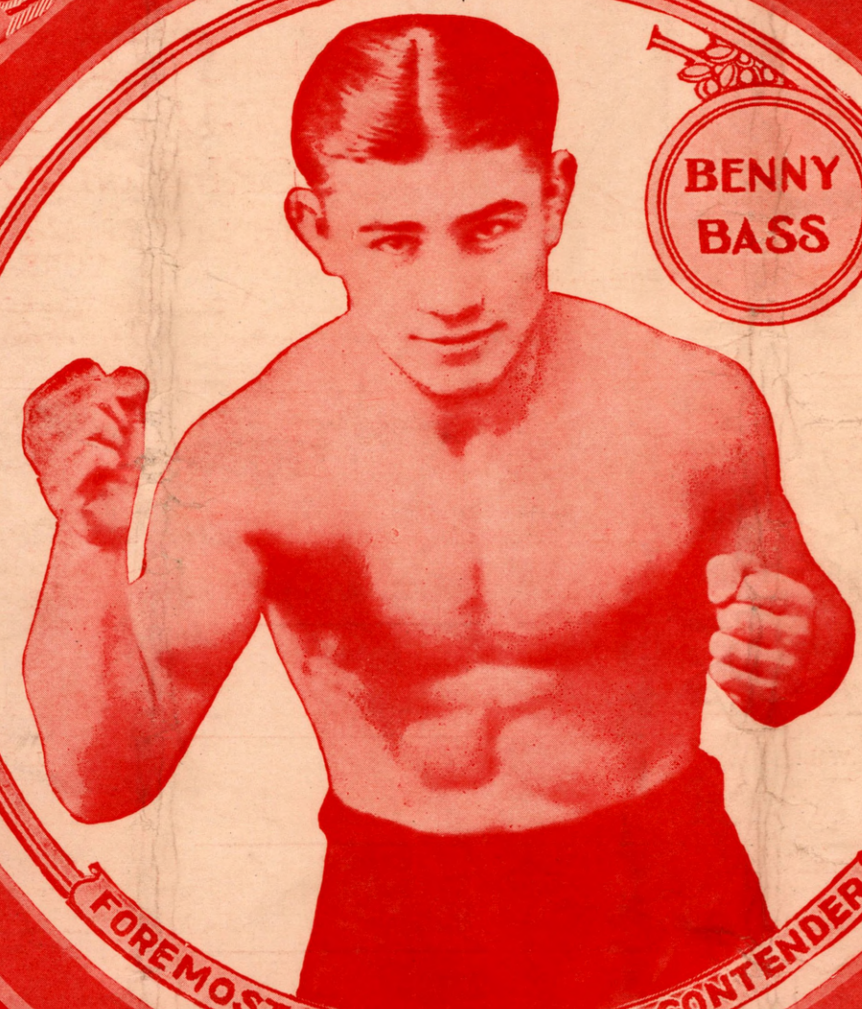

EXECUTIVE OFFICES:
91 Seventh Ave.
New York City, N. Y.
Telephone Watkins 6382

MAY, 1926

In Next Issue—Baseball and Boxing, by Art Nehf of New York Giants

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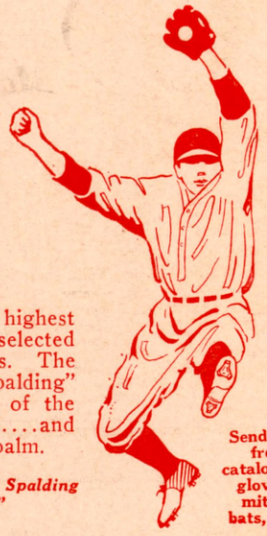

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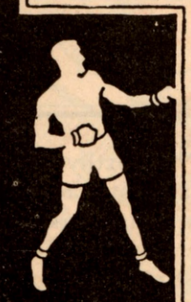

World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine

No. 4

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Copyright, 1926

MAY, 1926

Published Monthly

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

$1.50 per year
$1.75 in Canada
$2.00 Foreign

Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Telephone Watkins 6382

NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor DANIEL M. DANIEL, Vice-President and Secretary A. D. PHILLIPS, Treasurer

For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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Associate Editors: Daniel M. Daniel, Francis Albertanti, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and John L. (Ike) Dorgan.
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba, Diamond News Co., Havana
Representative in England: Daw's Shipping Agency, Ltd., 4 Leicester St., Leicester Square, London, W. C. 2.
Printed in U. S. A. by C. J. O'Brien, 392 Lafayette St., N. Y. C.

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Jews, and the Part They Have Played In Ring History

By FRANK GRAHAM

BRIGHT is the page which the Jew has written into the ring history of this country and England in the last three centuries. It is a page, too, whereon progress is traced, for whereas Daniel Mendoza was almost the lone ringman of his race in the heroic days of the Eighteenth Century, the Nineteenth Century developed many excellent Jewish fighters and the Twentieth even more. Today two champions are Jews and a third, recognized as one of the most magnificent of all time, recently retired.

Mendoza probably was the greatest of Jewish fighting men. The son of Isaac Mendoza, a wine merchant who had been driven out of Portugal during the anti-Semitic demonstrations of 1758, he was born at 93 Whitechapel Road, London, on July 5, 1764. He received a good education and it was planned that he should succeed his father in the wine-selling business in Crutched Friars, but while Daniel was still in his 'teens, the elder Mendoza died. An inventory of the shop revealed the fact that it no longer could be depended upon to furnish a livelihood for the widow and growing children, so Daniel sold it and, to support those who had been left in his care, became a smith in a Stepney iron foundry.

In frequent bouts with his fellow workmen—to whom, because of his olive complexion and the foreign cast of his features he was known as "Frenchie"—he acquired much skill in handling his fists. His reputation as a fighter broadened by his defeat of "Harry the Coalheaver," a notorious bully, at Mile End in 1784, but it was not until nearly three years later that he became famous in the prize ring.

Although he never weighed more than 160 pounds, he won the championship of England and was beaten only twice in a brilliant career that stretched over nearly twenty years, once by Richard Humphries, from whom he later won the championship, and once by John Jackson ("Gentleman John"), to whom he lost the title at Hornchurch in 1795, at which time he was thirty-one years of age. Mendoza then retired, but in 1806 he was induced to return to the ring at the age of forty-two, to take part in two battles, both of which he won.

It took him fifty-three rounds to defeat Harry Lee but he settled an old grudge by disposing of Tom Owen in twelve rounds. He was a marvelous boxer in a day when crude mauling was the rule and a sharp hitter, though not a particularly heavy one.

SAMUEL ELIAS, better known as Dutch Sam and "The Terrible Jew," was next of the line. Though a lightweight, he was a terrific hitter,

Daniel Mendoza, the first great Jewish fighter.

and his friends were eager to back him against Tom Cribb, so great was their confidence in his power to bring down any opponent with his murderous punches. Only the lack of two or three inches in height and a stone (fourteen pounds) in weight, seemingly kept him from becoming champion of England. Said a writer of his time:

"As a hard hitter we except no pugilist whatever. Gully never struck with more force nor Cribb more heavily than Sam, whose blows were truly dreadful to encounter."

Born on Petticoat Lane, London, on April 4, 1775, Dutch Sam entered the ring in 1801 after a series of bye-battles. He was the only man ever to defeat Caleb Baldwin, the Coster Champion from Westminster, and twice defeated Tom Belcher, with whom he also fought a draw. He was undefeated until December 8, 1814, when he met Bill Nosworthy at Mousley Hurst. He had not had a right fight in five years and, weakened by dissipation, went down before his youthful antagonist in nine rounds.

Samuel Evans, a son of Dutch Sam's and known in the ring as Young Dutch Sam, was tutored by his father. He was a welterweight and achieved near greatness with his fists. Father and son were destined to fall upon evil days, for Dutch Sam died penniless in a London hospital two years after his defeat by Nosworthy and Young Dutch Sam was sent to the penal colony in New South Wales following his conviction for a bit of roguery.

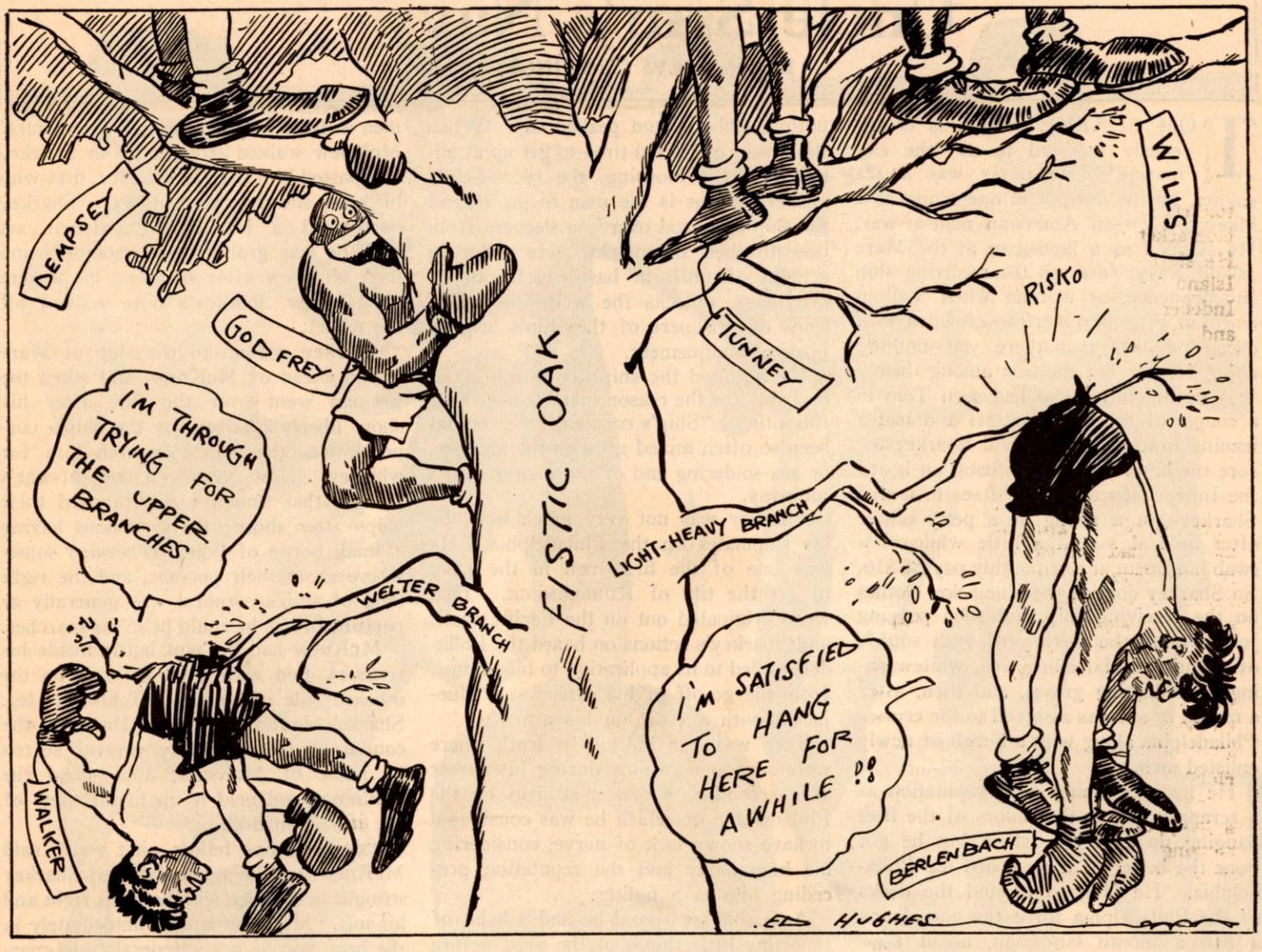
Barney Aaron, "Star of the East," was a splendid lightweight—the best since Dutch Sam, said the chroniclers of the period. One of his most memorable battles—though one in which he was defeated—was that with Arthur Matthewson, the "Fighting Basketmaster" of Birmingham. This took place near Colnbrook on June 21, 1824, and the "Star of the East" set in the fifty-eighth round. Thousands of pounds changed hands on the result and for a week afterward Duke's Place and Houndsditch were in mourning.

The brothers Belasco—Abie, Israel and Samuel—were first rate fighters but, unfortunately, also were rascals, so that their ring careers frequently were interrupted by terms in prison. To Abie's credit be it said that he was known as one of the fairest fighters ever to appear in the English ring and scorned to take the slightest undue advantage of a foeman. Other Jews to win fame in the era of bare knuckle fighting on the turf were Barnard Levy, Isaac Bittoon and Dan Martin.

THE early days of the ring in this country were dominated by men of English and Irish extraction, and so were unmarked by the rise of a single Jew to greatness or to a state approximating greatness. Then, in the latter days of the Nineteenth Century came Joe Choynski who, though he weighed only 162 pounds, fought and defeated many of the leading heavyweights of the time and who, until Jess Willard, was the only man to knock out Jack Johnson.

Choynski was born in San Francisco on November 8, 1868, began to fight in

Just About as High as They Can Go—By Ed. Hughes



1884 and had his last ring engagement in 1904, exactly twenty years later. His early feud with James J. Corbett and his fights with James J. Jeffries, Tom Sharkey and Kid McCoy were glittering contributions to fistiana in America.

Contemporaneous with Choynski was Joe Bernstein, "Pride of the Ghetto," who made a brave but futile drive for the lightweight championship. Bernstein was an idol in a quarter which, until his advent, had been disinterested in the ring and its characters. Later came Abe Attell, boxing wizard and featherweight champion, who frequently went out of his class to meet lightweights and even welterweights, winning fistic immortality; Benny Yanger, Harry Stone, Harry Lewis, Young Otto (Arthur Susskind), Leach Cross (Louis Wallach), and Soldier Bartfield (Jacob Bartfeld).

As this group was waning, there flashed into view Benny Leonard, born Leiner, on the East Side of New York on April 7, 1896. Entering the ring in 1912, Leonard survived early knockouts by Joe Shugrue and Frankie Fleming and, climbing steadily, won the lightweight championship from Freddy Welsh in 1917. He defended the title in masterful style for seven years and in 1925 relinquished it voluntarily, to take his place alongside Mendoza, Dutch Sam, Choynski and Attell on the highest peak of pugilism yet scaled by a Jew.

In Leonard's day as a fighter there also were Ted Kid Lewis, (Gerston Mendeloff), Whitechapel boy who held the welterweight championship; Battling Levinsky, who held the light heavyweight championship; Charlie White (Charles Anchowitz), Lew Tendler and Joe Benjamin, who were rated as Leonard's foremost contenders; Benny Valger, Augie Ratner and Johnny Clinton (Morris Elstein).

Which brings us down to the present, with Louis Kid Kaplan in possession of the featherweight championship and Charlie Phil Rosenberg ruling the bantamweight division. Sid Terris is a pretender to the lightweight title and Joe Glick is the leading eastern contender for the junior lightweight bauble. Willie Harmon (Herman Eisman) and Sailor Friedman are among the first flight of welterweights and Abe Goldstein, former bantamweight champion, still ranks high in that class. Ruby Goldstein, former bantamweight champion, still ranks high in that class. Ruby Goldstein, as yet too young to take part in bouts of more than six rounds in this state, is the finest lightweight prospect to engage public attention since Leonard was a stripling, while among the lesser lights are Solly Seeman, Young Montreal (Morris Billigoff), Jack Bernstein (John Dodick), Johnny Mendelsohn, Archie Walker (Irving Wolkow), Morrie Schlaifer and Maxie Rosenbloom.

There are many others, a complete list of which would fill this book.

Tom Sharkey the "Rubberneck" of Uncle Sam's Navy

By ANDREW CUNNINGHAM

TOM SHARKEY often is erroneously referred to as "the ex-marine." He never was a sea soldier, but he did put in one cruise as a bluejacket on an American man-of-war. He shipped as a landsman at the Mare Island Navy Yard, on the receiving ship Independence, at a time when Vallejo and San Francisco were so crowded with cheap pugilists that there was nothing doing for any but the best among them.

A naval officer who had seen Tom in a couple of sparring contests and had a leaning toward fighters, told Sharkey before the latter held up his hand on board the Independence, that he'd see to it that Sharkey got a rating as a petty officer after he had served a little while as a swab landsman at the monthly pay of $16. So Sharkey donned the bluejacket clothes on the receiving ship, did such policing jobs around the navy yard with squads of recruits as shovelling coal, whitewashing, and digging gravel, and then, after a month or so, was assigned to the cruiser Philadelphia along with a bunch of newly enlisted men.

He had something of a reputation as a scrapper among the sailors of the fleet hanging up at Mare Island but he got none the better of it on board the Philadelphia. He plugged around the decks of the Philadelphia for a few months as a $16 a month landsman, about two-thirds of the batch of recruits that were sent to the ship along with him having meanwhile deserted. Then the naval officer who had told Sharkey that he would fix him out with a rating when the right time came around got in his work and Sharkey received a "crow"—that is, an eagle rating badge on his starboard arm. He was created a master-at-arms, second class.

NOW, a chief master-at-arms on board an American warship is some considerable pumpkins up forward among the enlisted men. He is chief of police of all that part of the ship lying for'ard of the mainmast. He is called the Jimmy Legs, on account of the reputation for ubiquitouness, which chief masters-at-arms achieve, and what the Jimmy Legs says about anything whatsoever, in so far as the enlisted men are concerned comes pretty near to going.

Sharkey never got this chief master-at-arms rate. He stuck at the billet of second-class master-at-arms who is a bluejacket, and does not wear a brass-buttoned blouse and peaked cap. When the Boss Legs is too tired to get up at all-hands in the morning, the second-class master-at-arms is the man to go around the ship and prod overtime sleepers from beneath their hammocks. He picks up articles of uniform hastily left out of ditty-bags, unlocks the wrist and ankle irons of prisoners of the ship's brig or place of confinement.

He is called the ship's corporal. It is probably for the reason that Sharkey bore this title of "Ship's corporal" that he has been so often mixed up with the marines, or sea-soldering end of the man-of-war's company.

Sharkey was not very much liked by his shipmates on the Philadelphia. He was one of the first men in the navy to get the tite of RUBBERNECK. That word originated out on the Pacific coast, and Sharkey's actions on board the Philadelphia led to its application to him almost from the go-off of his career as a bluejacket with a crow on his arm.

Tom wasn't a bully. In truth, there were several occasions during his career as a second-class master-at-arms on the Philadelphia on which he was considered to have shown lack of nerve, considering his huge body and the reputation preceding him as a fighter.

As a ship's corporal he had a habit of reporting little things at the mast before having said anything about them to the men whom he made the victims of his reports and this riled the enlisted gobs. This sort of thing didn't help Sharkey along any in the esteem of his mates, and the solid men among them never had a great deal to do with him.

THERE was quite an element among the men forward on the Philadelphia who stood in fear of Sharkey's prowess and hesitated to talk back to him, but then there was another element that wasn't in the least bit in fear of him. A little 130-pound first-class fireman named McKnew belonged to the crowd that didn't stand in any awe of Sharkey's fighting ability. McKnew was a quiet little Irishman 40 years of age, during fifteen of which he had served in the American navy, and he was reported two or three times for trivial infractions of discipline.

McKnew didn't say anything, but a few weeks later he met Sharkey at the Clay street wharf in San Francisco. Both men were in uniform and unaccompanied. McKnew walked straight up to Sharkey and pasted him hard in the face, first with his right and then with his left. Sharkey performed a hold-my-hat-and-coat act until he was grabbed by bystanders and then McKnew after snapping his fingers right under Sharkey's nose walked off the wharf.

Sharkey got up to the ship at Mare Island ahead of McKnew, and when the fireman went over the side after his shore liberty Sharkey, as the ship's corporal, was the man to search him for whiskey. Now, very few men-of-war's men at that time returned aboard their ships after shore liberty without having a small bottle of liquor concealed somewhere about their persons, and the right kind of ship's corporal was generally as perfunctory as he could be in his searches.

McKnew had his pint bottle inside his trousers, tied with a bit of rope on the inboard side of the calf of his left leg. Sharkey found the bottle there in the course of the especially careful search he made of McKnew, and pulled the bottle out and held it up to the view of the officer on deck.

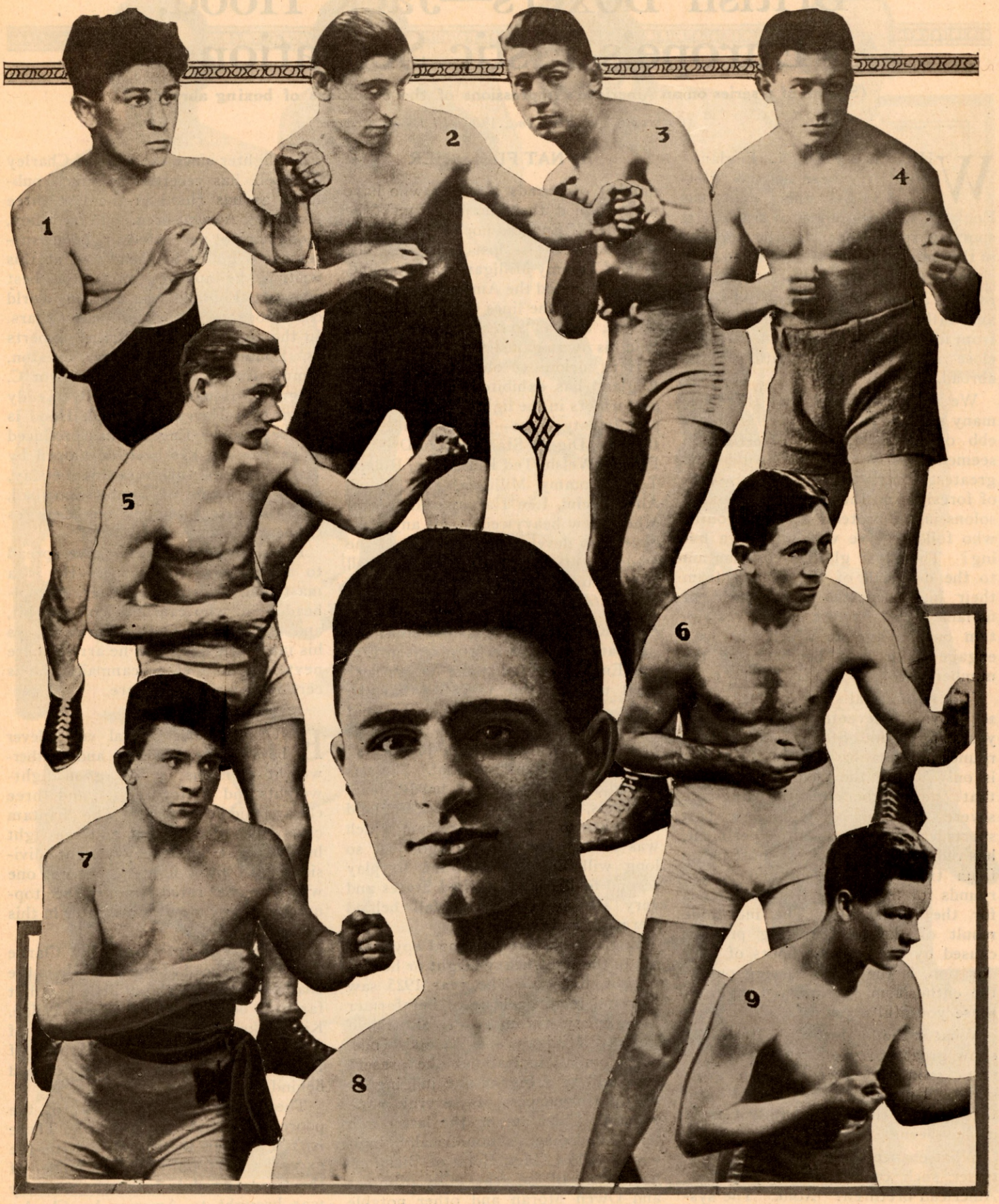
"You're a fine fellow, ain't you?" said McKnew, and he again slammed Sharkey straight in the face with both his right and his left. McKnew landed immediately in the brig, and he got a general court-martial for striking a master-at-arms a while later, but his good name in the service stood him in hand and he wasn't severely punished. The job hurt Sharkey more than it did the fireman, for it was plainly a case of Sharkey's carrying a shore spite aboard the ship.

A few months later another fireman of the Philadelphia got suddenly hot over some imposition Sharkey had put on him, and with a knife about a foot long in his hand, chased Sharkey all over the ship. This man, too, got a general court-martial.

SHARKEY stood in with the apprentice boys of the Philadelphia for the reason that he taught them how to box. Every night he would clear a space down on the berth deck amidships and put on the gloves with the lads. He made lighters out of a number of them, but he also put some of them so much on their muscle that they got into continual trouble. The apprentice boys under

(*Continued on page* 10)

They Rank Among France's Leading Lights in Fisticuffs



1—*Edouard Mascart, former featherweight champion;* 2—*Francis Charles, former middleweight champion;* 3—*Paul Fritsch, former lightweight champion;* 4—*Emile Violas, lightweight;* 5—*E. Pothier, welterweight;* 6—*Lucien Vinez, lightweight champion;* 7—*Andre Lepesant, middleweight;* 8—*Kid Francis, bantam champion;* 9—*A. Gundon, welterweight.*

Twenty-Round Bouts Play Havoc with British Boxers—Jack Hood, Europe's Fistic Sensation

(Second of a series on an American's impressions of the conditions of boxing abroad)

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By NAT FLEISCHER

WHAT ails boxing in England? Why are there so few first-raters in Britannia? Why has England, with its inherited traditional sporting spirit, fallen by the wayside in the sport in which it once ruled?

We often have had letters from our readers asking us to discuss the above and rather than tackle the problem from mere hearsay, we decided upon a close study of the situation while abroad.

We were convinced that there are many reasons why the sport is at low ebb overseas, but our investigation seemed to prove conclusively that the greatest contributing cause is a lack of foresight on the part of the boxing solons in the protection of the youths who follow glove wielding for a living? The most glaring contribution to the downfall of the British from their high pedestal in the field of fistiana is the absolute lack of restriction on the age at which one may engage in a ring combat and the number of rounds he may fight.

It is no unusual sight in England to see boys of seventeen and eighteen years fight for fifteen and twenty rounds in a final or semi-final bout. It is only within the past two months, that one of the clubs, heeding the severe criticism of London's best sports critics, and as an experiment, has reduced the rounds for most fights from twenty to fifteen and twelve rounds for finalists and to ten rounds for the semi-finals. The inevitable result of the hard forcing process, caused by training for bouts of long duration, is the early burning out of the enthusiasm, vitality and vigor of these youthful opponents.

What is the final result? Boys who show great promise in the early contests, soon lose their strength, grow stale and just when they should be in their prime, they are already classed as has-beens.

What chance have boys in England, under such conditions, against their American brethren? None. The system must be changed, the American training methods must be adopted and number of rounds for boys who have not attained their majority must be curtailed if England hopes to regain at least some of its lost prestige. The case of Tommy Milligan is an example. He has adopted the American methods, trains along the lines of the American boxers, and as a result, Tommy can hold his own against Uncle Sam's best.

It is curious to observe that while England has exhibited many sterling performers in the lighter classes in the past twenty years—Jimmy Wilde, Joe Bowker, Digger Stanley, Jem Driscoll, Freddy Welsh, Ted Kid Lewis, Roland Todd, Tommy Milligan, Jack Hood, Alf Mancini, Len Harvey and several others, few heavyweights of any class have been developed. The best of the modern period was Charley Mitchell and he fought all of his great bouts under 165 pounds.

TAKING these facts into consideration, isn't it safe to reason that the English system must be wrong? Is it unreasonable to infer that the early forcing method is in a great measure to blame for the extinction of England's greatest boxing prospects?

England has the material. She has splendid, well-developed, hardy, fearless lads, but just so long as England continues to abide by a system which was in vogue 100 years ago, just so long will England continue to play second fiddle to the United States and very shortly may even fall behind Germany and France.

England has several good boys, but not in the light-heavyweight or heavyweight division. The year 1925 saw England regain a little of her former fistic glory through the efforts of Tommy Milligan and Roland Todd, but from all indications, the present year will be a bigger one judging by the performances of several newcomers. Chief among the latter is a tall, handsome, symmetrically built young fellow, Jack Hood of Birmingham, home of the great Billy Plimmer and Owen Moran and other notable boxers who gained a niche in the Hall of Fame.

No fighter since the days of Charley Mitchell, has received so much publicity as has Hood in the last three months. A well-bred, cultured boy, Hood has not permitted any of his successes to go to his head and at this writing, he appears to be the best prospect England has had in world championship timber in many years. In the opinion of such British experts as Bohun Lynch, Harry Preston, Jimmy Butler, B. Bettison, Trevor C. Wignall, Bombardier Wells, Teddy Lewis and Harry Cleveland, Hood is the best boxer England has produced in years. He has been developed by Ted Broadribb, who in his heyday, under the name of Young Snowball, was the first to knock out Georges Carpentier.

Hood's fame and name have spread to all corners of Europe. He is a masterful, two-fisted fighter, a cool-headed lad who can both box and hit, and whether he finds American boys his master or not when he arrives here next fall for a U. S. campaign, he is certain to make good here.

ENGLAND has several very clever boys in the flyweight and featherweight divisions, a few good lightweights and welterweights, and three classy middleweights. The bantam class lacks good talent and the light heavyweight and heavyweight divisions have many fighters, but not one who can be rated among the top-notchers or even as a third rater in this country.

In the flyweight class Elky Clarke ranks at the head of the list. He is the champion and is a classy little boy, but far from being a second Jimmy Wilde. Kid Socks, of London; Ted Baldoc. of the same city, and Alf Barber, of Brighton, are rated in the order named behind Clarke.

The bantam division is one of the poorest England ever has had. There isn't a fighter worth while with the exception of Johnny Brown, holder of the Lord Lonsdale belt, who recently was brought to America by Charles Harvey. The same holds good in the featherweight section, in which less

Germany's Pacemakers in the Fistic Sphere

1—*Rudy Wagner, heavyweight;* 2—*Paul (Koerner) Sampson, former Hoboken, N. J., heavyweight;* 3—*Hans Breitenstrater, heavyweight champion;* 4—*Harry Herse, welterweight champion and one of Europe's best fighters at his weight;* 5—*Richard Kaube, middleweight;* 6—*Felix Friedman, bantamweight champion;* 7—*H. Ziemendorf, flyweight;* 8—*Franz Diener, heavyweight, who recently held Paolino to a ten-round draw.*

than a handful of high class boys are to be found. Johnny Curley, of London; Harry Corbett, of London; Johnny Britton, of Leeds, and Mick Hall, another London lad, outrank the rest of the field by a wide margin.

IN the lightweight division, however, England boasts of at least four boys who could make their American rivals, with the possible exception of Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell, step some.

Although Harry Mason is the champion, it is our opinion that in Ernie Rice he has his master. Rice recently lost the decision to Mason in their championship bout on a foul, but Ernie is the harder hitter and the cleverer, and can beat Mason. Rice is undoubtedly the best lightweight in England.

Then there is Alf Mancini, the Anglo-Italian, who with a little more development will make things hum for both Mason and Rice. Alf is a battler of the Battling Hurley type, who rushes in and plays a heavy attack for the body, and who can take it as well as give. He has a close rival in Alf Simmonds, of London. Phil Bond, Ernie Izzard, Jack Kirk and Teddy Baker are among the other leading British lightweights.

THE welterweight section boasts high class talent, including Tommy Milligan, who made a hit in America, Tom Moody and Jack Hood, the European sensation. Johnny Brown, another Scotch boxer — the land from which Milligan hails—and Alex Ireland, of the same territory, have made good reputations. Len Harvey, of Plymouth, and Johnny Sullivan, of London, complete the list of good welters. It will be seen that Scotland holds the upper hand in the number of high class boxers in this division. Milligan recently announced he would forfeit his welter title and fight in the future as a middleweight.

Tommy Milligan and Roland Todd, of Doncaster, head the middleweights, with Len Johnson, a Manchester boy, ranking third.

There are quite a number of light-heavies and heavyweights, but these divisions lack class. With Bloomfield on the retired list, Phil Scott holds the heavyweight championship and Tom Berry the light-heavy title. Gypsy Daniels and Jack Stanley, the former of Wales and the latter from London, are rated among the good heavies, but neither could last ten rounds with any of our second-rate fighters.

England, to sum up, has a flood of boxers, but the system under which these fellows compete is wrong, and as a result the prestige which England once held is gone and will not return until the modern methods—those practiced in the United States—take the place of the antiquated methods which act as a deterrent to the game.

THAT England still maintains a lead over its rivals in Europe is due only to the fact that boxing is comparatively a new sport in most countries abroad. But unless English boxers perk up, their supremacy will soon be menaced by Germany, French, Holland and Italian boxers. In fact even now these countries have boys in various classes who already rank superior to the best English boxers at their respective weight.

In Germany in the elementary high schools and colleges, in the gymnasium and the police and military schools boxing is the one sport which every one must follow. It is part of the school curriculum; it is part of the military training of the government forces. It is compulsory for the police of every city in Germany to take boxing lessons.

THE writer visited two of the largest schools in Germany and there got an "eye-opener."

In a huge open space with the temperature hovering around the 40 degree mark, were about 300 youths ranging in ages from eight to twenty years taking their boxing lessons. The same procedure followed by the American army officers in the bayonet drills during the World War constituted the greater part of the afternoon's exercises except that the orders were given in the parlance of the ring.

Visits to several gymnasiums and to army barracks at Berlin and Potsdam convinced the writer that the boxing craze in Germany will eventually lead to the development of potential champions. The eagerness with which the boys follow every movement of the instructor, vim with which they enter into the spirit of the sport and the keenness with which they battle augurs well for the future of boxing on the Continent. It is the writer's prediction that five years hence Germany's amateur athletes and professional boxers will set the pace in Europe.

Amateur boxing is receiving the same attention throughout Germany now that military training received before the World War. In fact the close relationship between the government and those who are carrying on the instruction indicated to the writer that German shorn of its militarism is leaving no stone unturned in its policy of building its youths into strong, healthy manhood.

DEPRIVED of its military training except for the limited number of soldiers permitted under the Versailles treaty Germany is doing the next best thing for its protection—is developing its boys into fine specimens of physical fitness through a systematic course of rigorous physical training which includes boxing, wrestling and cross-country running.

Listed with the Amateur Athletic Union of Germany are the names of close to 40,000 amateur boxers, a number that more than doubles to total listed in all organizations combined in this country. Now, if out of that total Germany should develop only a dozen stars in the various classes those twelve boys should be able to menace the supremacy of America in the near future.

The leading German professional boxers are: Breitenstraetter, Diener and Sampson, heavyweights; Weiser, middleweight; Herse, welterweight; Friedmann, bantam and Stein, flyweight.

TOM SHARKEY AS A SAILOR

(*Continued from page 6*)

Sharkey's tuition, got to slam-banging one another all over the ship upon the most trivial pretexts, and it was an uncommon thing for the Philadelphia's lads to appear at an inspection without five or six of them having black eyes or scraped noses.

When the Philadelphia was lying in the harbor of Honolulu the bluejackets after a good deal of coaxing, finally got a big sea soldier named Lennon to put on the gloves with Sharkey one night. Lennon was a squat 200 pounder, a man as solid as a rock—he had been in the piano-moving business back East—but he looked clumsy and unwieldy.

He put on the gloves with Sharkey and gave the ship's corporal the fight of his career in the navy. He only looked slow and clumsy, but he wasn't the least that way. On the contrary, he was as fast as a whipthong and as light on his feet as his cat, and he wasn't a man who could be put out by anything short of a blow from a pile driver. So he did a heap of polishing off on Sharkey.

At the finish of the tenth round Sharkey hurriedly cast off his gloves, saying that he had to attend to his 8 o'clock round of the ship; but this excuse didn't satisfy many of the ship's company. Sharkey didn't put on the gloves with Lennon any more after that, and there are a lot of sailors now scattered all over the world who confidently believe that Lennon could have made a monkey of Sharkey as Sharkey was at that period. Lennon was only a tenth-rater, but he surely had Sharkey's number.

"Iron Men" Always Pay the Penalty

By SPIKE WEBB

Olympic Boxing Coach and Coach U. S. Naval Academy.

"WHAT a great fellow he is for taking it," piped Doc Dougherty, down by the ringside. "Yes, he can take it," chirped Joe Dundee, Baltimore's sensational welterweight scrapper, "but that time-worn adage, 'it's more cheerful to give than to receive,' is gonna be my motto until I quit for all times this ancient game of 'Slam and Duck.'"

Time and again we hear some one making remarks like the above. It just doesn't seem to interest them whether the boxer can deliver a punch at all so long as he can absorb the other fellow's delivery without sounding retreat. To some people this type of ringman is the champion of all champions.

There is a certain school of boxers, or I should have said, a certain school of fighters, whose members are known as punch eaters. This type marches right in and soaks up an opponent's punches until he can get himself set for a broadside. This sort of man, who doesn't care a rap about improving his style of milling, will, sooner or later, hit the tobaggan that leads to the county booby-hatch where the greatest part of the day is spent in cutting out paper dolls.

That there is such a thing as hard punishment in the ring, if repeated too often, producing an unbalanced condition of the mind, must, I think, be admitted.

I recall the case of that real Boston pugilist Honey Mellody. He fought so often and took so many hard pummellings that he became "nutty" on the subject of boxing. I have been told that the people in the street would be suddenly amazed at seeing a fellow abruptly halt on a crowded sidewalk and throw himself into a boxing attitude before an imaginary opponent. It was Honey Mellody who had mistaken the sound of a passing street-car gong for the bell announcing the call of "time" in the prize ring.

And I just finished reading an article on the sad case of Ad Wolgast, who some years back won the lightweight crown by battering down the toughest man the prize ring ever produced—Battling Nelson. Nelson lowered his colors in what is termed the most savage of all championship battles. Now, Wolgast, the conqueror of the Durable Dane in that never-to-be-forgotten forty-round contest, is paying the penalty of "stopping too many with his chin." To-day Ad Wolgast, though his stamina was perhaps the most remarkable of any fighter of our times, is in a pitiable mental state. The constant rain of punches upon his head did it!

Clearly, the ability to absorb punishment to such an extent as to merit the title of "Iron Man" does not prove that a fighter's general health may not suffer in the absorption.

Every day we see and read about men who have been too courageous, and this applies to both work and sports. And isn't it true of every war that men have laid down their lives because they became too courageous and too careless?

You just can't fight without discretion, without strategy and make a go of it. There are hundreds of examples of men who have fallen before far less courageous men just because they did not take time to acquire discretion.

Of course, courage, gameness and the ability to endure physical sufferings are essentials of the ring profession, but what excites great wonder and admiration and what makes a singing kettle of the heart, is the fellow who can avoid punishment but can fight, too.

Truly the ancient game of fisticuffs is an art of self defense. And the man that tugs at the public heart strings best of all is the man who can avoid punishment without surrendering any advantages whatsoever. This, I believe, is the highest type of ring generalship.

Boxing on a Higher Plane, Says Kid McCoy

THAT boxing, as the present generation knows it, is no better than in the old days, is the opinion of Kid McCoy. Had the present rules been in commission when such stars as McCoy, Maher, Choynski, Ruhlin, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey, McGovern and others of like calibre fought, it is McCoy's opinion that the most famous battles of the past never would have been fought. Still further, the Kid, who is spending his time behind the bars for a crime he insists he never committed, declares that a more studious bunch of boys are now following the profession, with the result that boxing has attained a higher level and has gained a far better class of supporters than when he was in his prime.

Such is the sentiment expressed in a letter received by Walter Yarwood, secretary of the State Boxing Commission of California, from the kid upon receipt of the State Boxing Board's report for 1925. The letter follows:

"I am glad to see the game progressing in such a manner and think your rules will prevent any serious accidents or deaths, if strictly adhered to.

"While I never intend to be connected in any manner with the game again, I fail to find any rule that would bar me out; even the age limit is not specified, except in regards to youth.

"Your rule in regard to weight would have kept me from my best bouts, in which I always weighed under 160 pounds, and Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin, Goddard, Maher, O'Donnell and Jim Hall outweighed me from 25 to 50 pounds, and the greatest fights of my time never would have been fought.

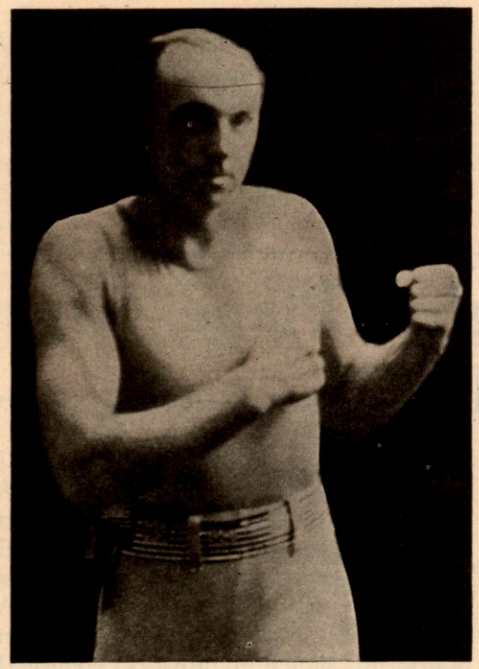
"While I have not noticed any improvement in the art of boxing in recent years, I maintain that the coming generation will improve greatly by the aid of moving pictures. They will be able to discover their weak points, in their mode of attacks and defense, as a more studious bunch of fellows are going in for boxing than in former years. This also accounts for the great increase in patronage and the splendid type of spectators who now see boxing bouts. Things certainly have changed in the boxing game since I was in my prime. No more do we see the great fighters of 20 years ago.

Jimmy Johnston Names Greatest Fighters of All Time—Bob Fitzsimmons Ranked Best Heavyweight

By JAMES J. JOHNSTON

(President of the National Sports Alliance)

IN selecting the champion of champions in each divisions for a story on the outstanding men of modern ring history, I feel that one must be restricted to speaking only of such fighters who were seen in action by the person making the choice. One



Bob Fitzsimmons, ranked first among heavyweights.

can discuss fighters and fights intelligently when such men and battles come within the range of experience of the writer.

Under such circumstances, the task becomes comparatively easy because in my opinion, a selection of this kind narrows itself down to the old timers. One cannot think of greatness in boxing in terms of the present day battler. There is not one boxer, champion or near champion of our present era who compares favorably with the leaders of twenty and even twelve years ago. Basing my choices on this line of reasoning, and eliminating the present crop of title holders, I give to RING readers as my all-time, all-star selections, the following:

Bob Fitzsimmons.....Heavyweight
Georges Carpentier Light Heavyweight
Tommy Ryan.....Middleweight
Mysterious Billy Smith..Welterweight
Jack McAuliffe.....Lightweight
Abe Attell.....Featherweight
Jimmy Barry.....Batamweight

FITZ was a super champion. He combined all the elements that make a fighter great. He was perhaps the hardest hitter the ring has ever known. He was a canny, wizard-like craftsman and often came through to glory in the midst of apparent defeat.

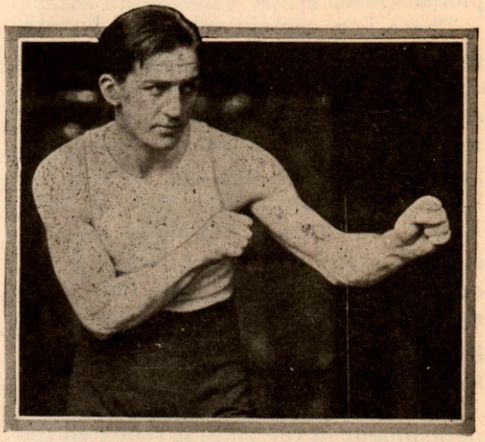
Note his fight with Jim Corbett. Remember Corbett was at his best when he fought Fitz. He was a great master of the art and was well over Fitz's weight. Yet Corbett smashed and belted away with the best he had and all in vain. Fitz took it all, tottered about the ring in distress, and then suddenly crashed home the deciding punch.

Fitz came to this country a middleweight, and his greatest battles were fought by him at that weight. He fought all the giants of the ring, even the Hercules Jeffries. True, he lost to Jeff, but it was because a good big man will always withstand a good little man.

THE light heavyweight class is a one, hence here my choice must be a modern boy. My selection is Georges Carpentier, because in my opinion he was the hardest hitter of them all. He proved this when he nearly toppled over Jack Dempsey at Boyle's Thirty Acres. Georges made a wonderful showing against the heavyweight champion that eventful day in Jersey, and stirred 90,000 people to the point of hysteria when his great right crashed against Dempsey's chin. What light heavyweight of the present day could have stood up so gallantly against the Dempsey of that day, conceding weight to Jack and fighting the champion when he was at his best?

GETTING down to the middleweights, it does not take long to make a choice. Tommy Ryan was the master of them all. Judged by hitting ability and science, he surpassed any middleweight of the past or present. He was the outstanding figure in his class during a time when there were plenty of real fighters, when fighters fought more for the love and glory than for the money.

They received mighty little money, as measured against the pickings to-



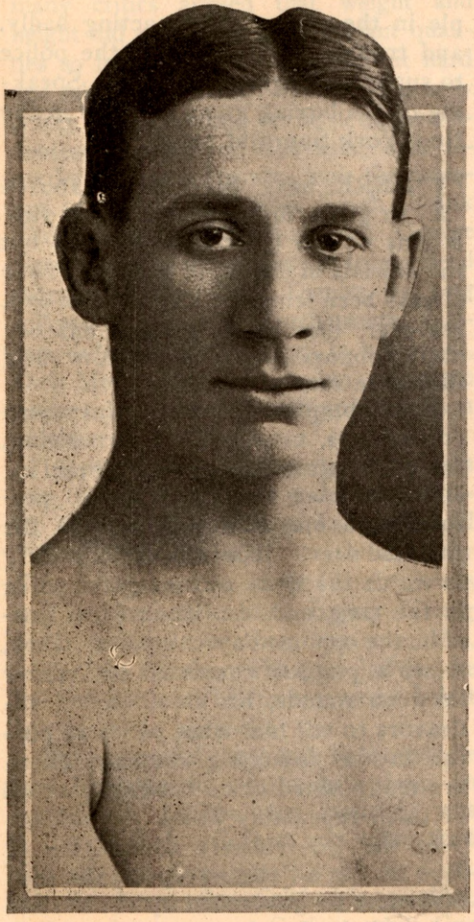
Georges Carpentier, called greatest light heavyweight.

day. And they fought often, even the champions. There were no alibis. There was no six-months rule then. The champion fought the best contender, black or white, and if a title holder refused to fight he had to retire. Nowadays if the contender is too tough, he is passed up on some pretext or other. And if necessary, in order to keep a clutch on the crown, the champion fights outside of New York State, where he can dodge the six-months rule. We have ducking champions now, from Dempsey all the way down the line.

MYSTERIOUS Billy Smith, a whale of a fighter, is my choice for welterweight. What a riot he would be today! Imagine him in the Garden ring!

Smith was truly mysterious. There was something uncanny and fearsome

in his ruggedness. You might call it brutality, for if ever a fighter showed the primitive nature in the ring, it was Billy Smith. He met them all, black and white. His business was fighting. A two-handed scrapper, a terrific puncher, he could take plenty, and was ready to give a receipt. Billy

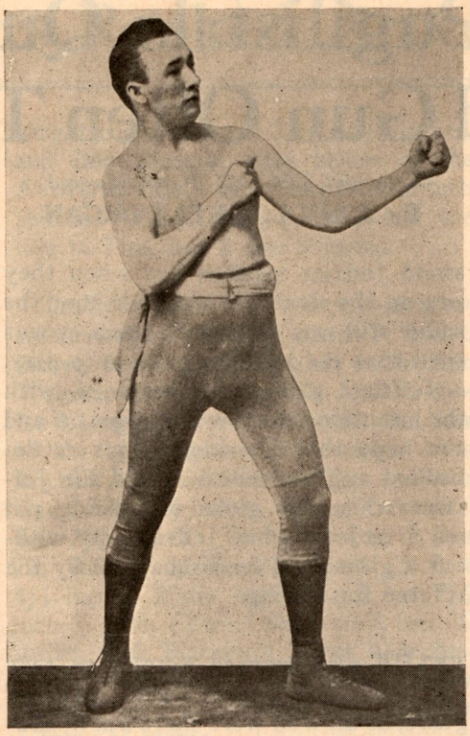


Tommy Ryan, middleweight.

Smith figured in some of the greatest battles ever staged in this country.

Jack McAuliffe is my selection among the lightweights because he held the title, met all comers, black and white, with gloves and without, for twelve years, and retired undefeated. He made the weight, too. And he didn't retire to please his dear old mother, or because he had a nemesis (if you know what that means) in the welter division, the next step up. Many a battle Jack fought to a finish with the bare knuckles, and he retired without a mark. Still hale and hearty, a well-met jolly fellow, a true Cosmopolitan, a credit to the game, that is Jack McAuliffe today.

ABE ATTELL met every one in his class and out of it, and must be considered one of the greatest fighters of all time. At his best he was the greatest of all featherweights. I do not except Terry McGovern. Terry



Jack McAuliffe, undefeated retired lightweight champion.

was a wonder, but Abe was even greater.

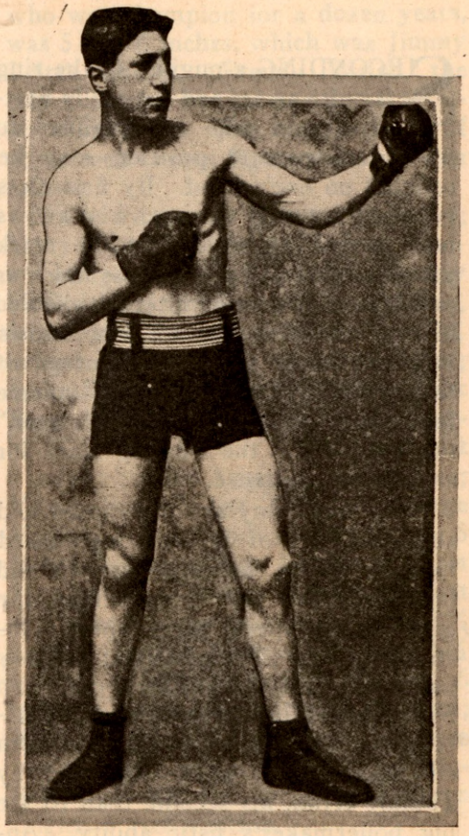
My fondest recollection of Terry is of the kind and merciful providence that prevented yours truly from engaging him in the ring one night when I was a youthful adventurer seeking glory in the fighting game. I was summoned as a substitute for one who had failed to show. Fortunately there were no foolish children in our family that particular night. Yes, Terry was great, but he had a good matchmaker for a manager.

Attell was a master. His battle against Jem Driscoll was the cleverest I have ever witnessed. In my opinion Driscoll was the most skilful boxer produced in my time. He never gained a title, and for that reason I rate Attell over him, because throughout a long period of fighting Abe never hesitated to go out of his class to find worthy opponents.

Jimmy Barry was a great little fighting machine. He whipped the best. He never was defeated in either limited or finish fights, with bare knuckles or the gloves and receives first call among the bantams.

YES, times are changed, and so have boxers. In the old days a champion went about the country meeting all comers, sometimes offering to take on any man who walked upon the stage. And if the chief contender of his division walked upon the stage and put up his hands the champion had to fight him or retreat in jeers.

The champion of to-day is immediately wrapped up in cotton and tissue paper and put away in a glass case. He will fight setups but few real contenders. Every champion has more



Abe Attell, featherweight.

setups than Heinz has pickles. The contender hasn't a chance unless the champion gets a million.

The champion wouldn't give the contender a glass of ice water if he owned a row of icebergs. He automatically becomes as cold as one and gives a chill to all who approach.

Alibi is the present day champion's middle name. If you got all the alibi champions of the present day in one room, Alibi Ike couldn't crash in with a dog team.

Champions are champions all the time. They either are or they are not. If they don't fight they are not. And so it might be a good idea, at least it is worth considering, to abolish titles —to measure a leader by his willingness to fight as well as his ability as a fighter. Then, perhaps, we would have regular fights all the time, and not just once in a while.

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Seconding a Pugilist Is Quite an Art—Man Behind Gun Often Turns the Tide

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By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

SECONDING a pugilist in the ring is quite an art and the really first-class men who are qualified to fill this important position may be counted on one's hand. By first-class is meant not only the man who knows how to put his fighter at the mark after each round refreshed, as much as possible in the brief interval allowed him by the rules, but one who knows how and when to take advantage of technicalities and fouls, and scheme for victory when he finds "his man" not quite up to the winning mark for any unforseen cause.

Many and many are the stories told about the tide of defeat being turned into victory by the opportune wit and intelligence of the "man behind the gun," so to speak. One notable instance of this kind is alleged to have happened in the fight between Tom Sharkey and Jim Jeffries, and the latter's victory is believed to have been due more to a trick employed by Tommy Ryan, his second, than to the big boilermaker's fistic ability. Another is the more recent Dempsey-Firpo bout, which would have been won by Firpo had he good, intelligent seconds.

The story as it was told in a well-known sporting cafe years ago was that Billy Brady and Ryan both thought before the Jeffries-Sharkey contest that even in the condition that he was, Jeffries would be able to win. However, when they saw the remarkable battle which the Sailor put up, when they saw the great crowd almost to a man knew that Sharkey was winning and their man losing, it was then that the cunning was called into play and really won the battle and kept Jeffries' title to himself.

In the twenty-first round it was seen that both Ryan and Brady were so disturbed that they could not conceal their chagrin and despair over Jeffries' loosing the fight. Ryan made the big boilermaker go in and try to win from that time on with a grandstand finish. He had hoped that the sailor's exertion in the past twenty rounds would have him in such condition that he would be knocked out or at least put in such a state that he would be unable to withstand Jeffries' rushes, but when they saw in the next three rounds that the sailor still was right with them, it was then that the trickery came into play.

Jeffries' glove was loosened with the intention that it would come off and the hope that Sharkey by his rattle-headed aggressiveness would hit Jeffries while the glove was being put on, or at least while Jeffries was without a glove, and be disqualified by the referee for fouling.

THE plan worked exactly as they had anticipated and Jeffries' glove, as all who were there knew, suddenly slipped off in a clinch and fell to the floor, where it was picked up by Siler and an attempt made to put the same on again by that official. It was not noticed just then that experienced ring generals like Tommy Ryan and Billy Delaney did not insist upon Siler ordering both men to their corners; but the people there remember when it is brought to their notice, that all of the seconds in Jeffries' corner suddenly sat up a great yelling and protesting of foul when the sailor hit Jeffries over Siler's shoulders.

It will also be remembered that when Siler gave the decision to Jeffries, almost every man there thought it was on account of this alleged foul, until it was afterward explained that Siler insisted that Jeffries had done the most fighting, had landed the most blows, been the most aggressive and was the least punished at the finish. This, I believe, is the true story of the loosened glove, and one of the reasons why Sharkey did not win the fight, and what he was up against in that same battle.

Noisy seconds are often responsible for much of the disorder which occurs at the ringside during a fight. This inability to remain cool and impassive is also damaging to a man's chances. Often the foolish advice yelled to him from his own corner is the means of encompassing a boxer's defeat.

The referee, unless he is a man of exceptional calmness and placidity, becomes rattled and unable to interpret the rules properly, and the spectators, taking their cue from the unruly people in the corner, begin acting badly, and trouble which requires the police to suppress frequently ensues. Speaking of the boxing game a writer in the New York Sun said recently:

THERE have been many abuses in glove fighting and many violations of the Queensberry rules, but the officials in charge of the sport have always been lenient. There is one evil, however, that in its growth has become obnoxious to spectators and should be stamped out.

Every pugilist has a set of seconds or handlers, usually three in number, but more often five or six. These individuals have various duties to perform, and one second is always the chief adviser. It is the latter's duty to watch the work of his fighter while in the ring, and also discover, if possible, the opponent's weak points. Then, when a pugilist comes to his corner between rounds, his chief second endeavors to tell him what policy to pursue in the following rounds. There are many noted chief handlers, but all of them repeatedly break the rules.

In the Queensberry code, Rule 12 says that in all other respects the contest must be goverened by the revised rules of the London prize ring. Rule 11 of London ring rules reads as follows:

"The seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary to their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals."

THIS rule is clear enough, and all leading referees know of its existence, but it appears to be a dead letter in many boxing clubs. There have been many flagrant violations of the rule. During the Corbett-Jeffries fight the former's chief second, Considine, probably because of undue excitement, kept up a running fire of comments during the first that was something like this:

"Keep away, Jim! Jab his head off! That's it, close up his eye! Jeff, you're

(*Continued on page* 15)

Famous Fighters Ranked According to Height

WHEN Joe Walcott, the Giant Killer, was knocking out middle and heavy weights, although he did not weigh more than 145 pounds, many critics argued that weight and height did not figure as important qualities so long as a pugilist could hit hard and take punishment. Walcott was only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, yet he defeated six-footers, notably Joe Choynski, with remarkable ease. He also took the measure of Kid Carter, Billy Smith, Frank Childs, Sandy Ferguson and George Gardner, all of whom were at least a head taller than the Black Demon, as ring followers called him. Furthermore, Walcott defeated Mick Dunn, Jack Bonner, Dick Moore and Dan Creedon, who were larger in every way than this phenomenon of the ring.

There are many other great fighters who, like Walcott, were undersized, notably Tommy Burns, Sam Langford and Young Peter Jackson. Burns was only 5 feet 7 inches tall, while Langford was half an inch taller than Burns. Young Peter Jackson was about the same size, while Tom Sharkey, who gave Jeffries the hardest battle of his career, stood 5 feet 8½ inches in his socks.

But successful short men in the middle and heavyweight classes have been an exception. Jeffries, for instance, was 6 feet ¼ inch. Corbett was taller than Johnson by three-quarters of an inch. Al Kaufman, the California pugilist, measured the same as Corbett, while Gus Ruhlin was 6 feet 2 inches. Peter Jackson, the great Australian fighter, was 6 feet ½ inch, the same height as Jim Hall, with Paddy Slavin an inch taller. Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion, was a six-footer and Peter Maher measured 5 feet 11¾ inches. This was Choynski's height and McCoy's was 5 feet 11 inches. John L. Sullivan was 5 feet 10½ inches without his shoes.

* * *

It is said that the middle-weights who scale at 154 pounds should be 5 feet 8 inches tall, while those who weigh 158 should measure three-quarters of an inch more. Yet Fitzsimmons, who held the middle-weight championship and was never defeated for the title, was 5 feet 11¾ inches. Ketchel measured 5 feet 9¾ inches.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was 5 feet 10½ inches, and Jack (Twin) Sullivan, who got a decision over Burns once, was 5 feet 9 inches. Charlie Mitchell, once England's best boxer, was 5 feet 9 inches, too. Bill Papke, former middle-weight champion, was 5 feet 8¾ inches, and Dan Creedon, once holder of the Australian title, was a quarter of an inch shorter. Jack Dempsey, who lost the title to Fitz, was 5 feet 8 inches.

* * *

Tradition says that 145-pounders, or welter-weights, should stand 5 feet 6 inches, or nearly five inches taller than Walcott, who held the title in this class for a long time; yet it is a fact that few of the best-known welter-weights were as short as 5 feet 6 inches. Tommy Ryan was 5 feet 7¾ inches, George Dawson 5 feet 7¾ inches. Tommy Tracey 5 feet 7¾ inches, Mysterious Smith 5 feet 8½ inches, Matty Matthews 5 feet 7½ inches, Mike (Twin) Sullivan 5 feet 10 inches, Jack Blackburn 5 feet 10 inches, Honey Mellody 5 feet 7 inches, Harry Lewis 5 feet 7 inches and Jimmy Gardner 5 feet 7¾ inches.

* * *

Lightweights, weighing 133 pounds, should be 5 feet 5½ inches in height. Yet ring history shows that most star boxers were taller. Benny Leonard, for instance, is 5 feet 5 inches; Jimmy Goodrich is 5 feet 4½ inches; Johnny Dundee's height is 5 feet 4½ inches and that of Sid Teris, is 5 feet 7 inches; Sammy Mandell, 5 feet 6 inches; Battling Nelson was 5 feet 7½ inches tall, an inch and a quarter taller than Joe Gans, the famous old master. Jack McAuliffe, who was champion for a dozen years, was 5 feet 6 inches, which was Jimmy Britt's height. Freddy Welsh, the clever British boxer, was an inch taller than Britt. The masurements of other well-known lightweights are as follows:

Willie Fitzgerald, 5 feet 7½ inches; Matty Baldwin, 5 feet 5½ inches; Tommy Murphy, 5 feet 5½ inches; Packey McFarland, 5 feet 8 inches; Leach Cross, 5 feet 7½ inches; Frank Erne, 5 feet 5¾ inches; Eddie Hanlon, 5 feet 6 inches; Spike Sullivan, 5 feet 9½ inches; Dick Barge, 5 feet 7½ inches; Jack Everhardt, 5 feet 6 inches; Billy Myer, 5 feet 6 inches; Stanton Abbott, 5 feet 6 inches; Young Erne, 5 feet 7 inches; George Memsic, 5 feet 5 inches; Bert Keyes, 5 feet 4 inches; Johnny Summers, 5 feet 5½ inches; Frankie Madden, 5 feet 4½ inches; Eddie Connelly, 5 feet 8½ inches; Tommy Kearns, 5 feet 6½ inches; George McFadden, 5 feet 6 inches; Charley Neary, 5 feet 4¾ inches; Kid McPartland, 5 feet 9 inches; Horace Leeds, 5 feet 7½ inches; Charley McKeever, 5 feet 7½ inches, and Owen Zeigler, 5 feet 7 inches.

Seconding a Pugilist

(*Continued from page* 14)

a fine champion, you are! You can't fight a little bit! Oh, oh, what a dub! Give it to him: Jim! Now, you've got him! That's it! Ah!"

Referee Charley White was compelled to warn Considine repeatedly, but that was all. Over in Jeffries' corner was W. A. Brady.

"Chase him, Jeff!" screamed Brady. "Get him in a corner and then drive your right through his body! Hustle more, Jeff! He's running away! Why don't you stand up and fight. Corbett? Hey, there, White, that's a foul! Foul! Foul! Foul! Never mind, Jeff. He's afraid! Get after him and punch him with both hands! Hooray!"

While Sharkey was receiving a thumping from Gus Ruhlin, the sailor's second coached the sailor incessantly.

"Step in, Tom!" he cried, "and wallop! Steady, Tom. Do what I tell you! Don't try to box, but go in hard and fast! He's weakening, Tom; so now's your chance! Hammer him! Oh, pshaw! Why don't you follow instructions?"

It was the same thing over in Ruhlin's corner. Corbett was there directing things, and he kept up a constant chatter.

"Stand up to him, Gus, and jab his head off! Straight left and then a right hand swing! Look out for those wide wallops! Step inside of them and put the punches straight into the stomach! There he goes! Now go in fast! That's the stuff, Gus; you've got him! It's a picnic! He's done for and doesn't know where he's at! You'll get the money, Gus!"

Referee John White warned both seconds, but he might as well have addressed his remarks to the man in the moon, for warnings from referees nowadays amount to nothing.

Good seconds are as scarce as hen's teeth and are worth their weight in gold.

My Hardest Fight

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By CHARLEY WEINERT

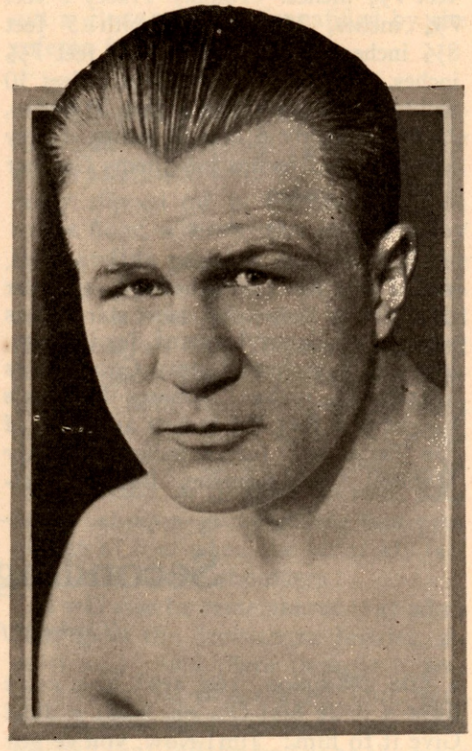
MY hardest fight was to conquer myself. This was to me a wonderful moral victory, but what you want to know about is my most severe physical test. You will be surprised to learn that I am passing the palm of giving me my most gruelling tussle to an almost unheard-of heavyweight—Al Benedict, of Hoboken, N. J. My, oh my, what a scrap it was! It will live in my memory until my dying day. It was staged in Syracuse, N. Y.

Billy McCarney, my present manager had taken me under his direction in November, 1920. I had not been bothering much with boxing prior to doubling up with Billy Mac, being too interested in my night work along Broadway. Manager Bill insisted on my putting my nose to the grindstone, and signed me up for a series of bouts. It was the busiest campaign I had ever been asked to go through with, so I did a little work in the gym, and knocked out Sergeant Ray Smith in one round, December 7, in Newark. This was the first of the bouts.

Bartley Madden one week later in Madison Square Garden, was an easy victim, as I gave him a nifty pasting. The following week Ted Walker was rocked to sleep in the second period and January 1, Jack Reed was flattened in the third round January 9, Dick O'Brien, of Columbus, was knocked out in the second round and my next match was with Al Benedict, the roughest fellow who ever pulled on a glove.

IT was scheduled to go twelve rounds, in the big Arena, Syracuse, N. Y. It was two weeks after my easy win over Dick O'Brien, and I am truthful when I say I neglected my training. There was a reason for this. I had used "Big Al" as a sparring partner a couple of years previous to this scheduled bout and could thump him about quite easily. Benedict was then trying to be clever and I could outsmart him in the use of the left hand. Benedict had come to the conclusion that he would do better fighting "Kilkenny" rules, that is the rough-house style, and he had progressed plenty along the newly adopted method of milling. I knew nothing about this kind of fighting. He was the real hero of the fight fans of Syracuse and he was cheered to the echo when he entered the ring. I was given the well-known razz. This reversing of the usual conditions, gave me quite a jar. For the first time it occurred to me that I had a real bit of competition on my hands.

The referee of the bout, a nice kindly sort of a fellow, named Bernie Lynch, was officiating for the first time



Charley Weinert

in his life as third man in a ring. He was far too small physically for the job, weighing but 120 pounds, and his five feet four inches made him look dwarf-like aside of we two giants.

WHEN the bell rang we both rushed out of our corners. I figured to nail Benedict as he came in with a right to the chin. It was the first time in my life that I ever had made a lead with my right hand. It also was the last. Benedict had his right coming just as fast as mine. We both landed.

Benedict parked his on my left eye, closing it immediately as tight as a drum. I reached Al's jaw and rocked him to his toes. He went into the ropes, limp. His punch had blinded me and I stood still, dazed. Benedict lurched toward me. I saw him faintly, as he approached and set myself. When he looked near enough, I again swung my right; so did Al. We both landed again, each of our blows served to clear up the head of the one landed on. It was then the real fight started.

What a knockdown, drag-out affair that round was! There was no foul blow or "difference" known to each of us that was not brought into play. While I was never given to fighting unfairly, I was forced to do so to offset the work of Benedict. When the bell rang ending round one, we staggered to our respective corners.

I flopped in my chair. Benedict missed his, squatting solidly on the floor. The jar of the bump cleared his head. He was more fortunate than me in getting that floor bump.

Benedict was a new man when he answered the bell for the second round. I was my self-same flabbergasted, sorry-I-had-not-trained fellow who had gladly welcomed the bell ending the preceding round. Those three minutes were three minutes of what I imagine is Hell's torture. Staggering blindly around the ring, hitting where I thought he was, him nailing me with wallops that sent me reeling; it looked as if I was doomed to an ignominous defeat by a former sparring partner.

THE bell rang ending the round. I never heard it. Bill McCarney had climbed through the ropes, grabbed me and pulled me to the corner. A man of less experience would have lost heart, but not McCarney. He rubbed my head, shook me up, then I answered the bell for round three.

Benedict was worse off than myself for he staggered out. We both spread our legs and started slugging. We were like two men who never knew anything about the art of boxing. Two longshoremen could have turned in a better brand of boxing. Nevertheless, the crowd was in a frenzy of excitement. Nine out of ten were rooting for Benedict. My one-tenth were weakly passive, but my stand seemed to urge them on to help encourage me. I needed their encouragement.

(*Continued on page 19*)

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE Winter has passed. Spring is here and the Summer soon will be upon us. What do the destinies of the ring hold out for the outdoor campaign? Are we to see the same farcical situation which has governed in the heavyweight division continue? Or will Mr. Dempsey finally come out of his shell and declare himself one way or the other? Will Dempsey fight or will he announce that he is done with the ring?

This is hardly a good way to start a column labelled "In A Lighter Vein." But it serves to introduce a most important topic. In another part of this magazine you will see an appeal by a great baseball player for a Judge Landis in boxing. Art Nehf has the right idea—a most valuable idea. But will boxing ever wake up to its own needs and welfare and adopt the suggestion?

If major league baseball had the loose organization which handicaps boxing the diamond sport would die a horrible death. But the men who are interested in professional baseball,—the men who have their millions invested in stadiums, in players, in franchises;—the men who realize that they have a definite duty to perform as regards the public,—have placed themselves voluntarily under a man like Judge Landis.

JOB FOR A CZAR

SOMETIMES they call Judge Landis the Czar of Baseball. We have little use for czars, but if the Judge realy is a czar then boxing needs that kind of czar.

BOXING HAS ITS FUNNY ANGLES. SOMEHOW, ONE OF THESE, AS FUNNY ANGLES STRIKE US, IS THE IDEA OF ROCKY KANSAS BEING THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.

We have only admiration and praise for Kansas. But we are inclined to snicker at a class which will be ruled by a boxer of the general ability of Kansas.

The other day a lot of baseball writers got together and one asked, "Who was the greatest fighter you ever saw?"

LANGFORD GETS THE CALL

WE said, "Sam Langford—when he was so great that Jack Johnson wanted to have nothing to do with him."

What do you think about that?

THERE'S ONE GAME IN WHICH IT IS FATAL TO BE A FIGHTER—SOMETIMES. WE REFER TO THE BIRD WHO GETS INTO THE HABIT OF FIGHTING THE BALL. THE BUSHES ARE FULL OF HIS TYPE.

Frankie Frisch's favorite fighter—Harry Greb. Because he likes to fight, because he always gives the crowd a run for its money, and because he has a marvellous physique.

Says the sage Grover Hartley of the Giants, "Ten will get you twenty if you think that Dempsey ever will fight Wills." At this writing nobody has offered to take Grover's twenty.

THAT TWENTY IS SAFE

INCIDENTALLY, preparations in old New York for a Dempsey-Tunney fight make Hartley's twenty look very safe indeed.

The Tunney-Stribling fiasco in Miami was one of the strongest arguments ever advanced in favor of Commission government for boxing.

The affair at Miami showed the dangers of having boxing on a quasi legal basis. Boxing is against the law in Florida but it has been permitted, as it is permitted in other states where there are no commissions. If boxing is worth while, why not legalize it and give the public the protection to which it is entitled?

TOO MANY BLACK EYES

IN some of our states boxing has more black eyes than a stable of third rate pugs. But the inherent strength and appeal of the sport keep it going.

THE BEST FIGHTS WE EVER SAW: DEMPSEY KNOCKING OUT FIRPO, LEONARD KNOCKING OUT MITCHELL, WILLIE RITCHIE BEATING LEACH CROSS, McFARLAND MATCHING SKILL WITH OWEN MORAN, KLAUS KNOCKING OUT WILLIE LEWIS, VILLA BEATING WILDE, DEMPSEY SOCKING CARPENTIER, LEONARD TAKING THE TITLE FROM WELSH, AND BATTLING HURLEY AND CY SMITH PASTING EACH OTHER ALL OVER THE CANVAS.

Willie Lewis once told us of a funny experience. But it wasn't funny for Willie. He wore a derby hat to a fight with Willie Fitzgerald. After the fight Willie had so many bumps on his head the derby would not sit on his conk.

"It took me a year to realize that I had gone back," Lewis once told us. "I began to take cracks on the head after I had moved my head just far enough to miss them. At least, I figured I had moved my head just clear of the blows. But my judgment of distance had gone."

A RAZZBERRY FOR MORGAN

"IF any of those good junior lightweights around New York ever get Morgan into a ring they will sock him for a string of boloney," a California ring expert told us recently in Florida. Maybe!

If all the great fighters in Europe were strung out in a line they still could get into a New York subway car which was crowded to the doors and windows.

England is howling for a Jem Mace. And if it got its wish the product couldn't stand up against Dempsey.

WILL BUY

Original Fight Photographs
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Also any other old-time fight pictures.

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Jeffries' Victory Over Fitz at Coney Island Questionable One, Says Critic

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

IN an interesting article recently in THE RING, by A. D. Phillips, he gives in detail the excuse set forth by Bob Fitzsimmons for his defeat of Jim Jeffries at Coney Island on June 9, 1899. In substance Fitz declared that some miscreant, whom he did not name, had introduced some form of narcotic into his drinking water.

Fitz took a long drink between the second and third rounds, and thereafter he was unable to determine whether he was boxing or playing dominoes. Mr. Phillips' statement as to Fitz offering that excuse is absolutely correct, and it was published in nearly all newspapers.

Singularly enough, eleven years later, to be exact, July 4, 1910, Jim Jeffries made the same excuse to account for his defeat by Jack Johnson at Reno. The only difference in the stories of the two fighters was that Jeff insisted some conscienceless scoundrel, whom he did not name, had introduced a powerful drug into his teapot! This was done while Jeff was training for his battle with Johnson, and must be accepted as a serious reflection on the watchfulness of Jeff's chef.

In the case of Fitz he claimed some one had put the drug in a bottle of drinking water from which he quenched his thirst during the minute's rest between the second third rounds. This also was a serious reflection on the handlers of the Cornish clouter, for in modern glove fights the bottle holder is not supposed to let anyone even look at the drinking water, let alone empty morphine or chloroform into it.

SO far as Jeff and Fitz are concerned, the drug evil as charged by these fighters was profitable to those who took the short end of the betting, for Fitz and Jeff were top heavy favorites to win, Fitz from Jeff and Jeff from Johnson.

Fitzsimmons may have been influenced in making his excuse by a desire to soften the blow to those who laid three and four to one that he, a veteran ringster, conqueror of Jim Corbett, and regarded at the time as the heaviest and most dangerous hitter in the ring, would defeat the youthful, inexperienced Jeffries who had never before faced a fighter of Fitz's class.

It is of interest to inspect the record of Jeffries previous to the time that he, frightened and nervous, walked into the ring of the old Coney Island A. C. to face the great Fitzsimmons. He had fought twenty-round draws with Gus Ruhlin, the latter practically a novice, and had a hair line decision over Tom Sharkey, the Sailor at this time being in the early stages of his career. Jeffries had been in the East once previously, having boxed a ten-round draw with Bob Armstrong and run away from a ten-round match with Steve O'Donnell.

At the time of the meeting between the veteran and the youngster, Fitz was 37 (young for the red-topped battler), and Jeff, 24. Previous to this fight Fitz had stopped Peter Maher twice, Jim Hall in four rounds, knocked out Sharkey in eight and was robbed by a dishonest decision, and had knocked out Corbett in fourteen rounds. Is it to be wondered at that Fitz was a hot favorite over the Boilermaker?

HAVING been at the ringside on that pleasant June evening in 1899 and watched the combat, from start to finish, possibly a summary of what the writer observed may be of interest.

Jeffries adopted the crouch taught to him by Tommy Ryan, who was one of the Californian's seconds, and the Boilermaker contented himself in the first two rounds with holding his left shoulder against his jaw and his left arm straight out.

In the second round Fitz's face collided with Jeff's left and the champion came to a sitting position on the ring floor. He arose at once and seemed none the worse for the whack. It will be remembered that Fitz's statement was to the effect that he swallowed the drug between the second and third rounds and from that time, remembered nothing distinctly.

So far as the third round was concerned, Fitz did little but swing with both hands at Jeff's head, with the evident purpose of getting the big fellow out of his crouching position.

In the fourth round, at a time when the insidious drug should have been getting in its most soporific work, Mr. Fitzsimmons suddenly exhibited physical and mental activity that were surprising in view of his drugged condition. Fitz continued his tactics of swinging at Jeff's head, and the Cornishman finally got the opening for a shot at the Californian's body.

After several left hand swings for the head, Fitz feinted with his left and Jeff's hands and body were raised. At once Fitz's right shot straight and true and landed, with a thud that could be heard all over the arena, on the ribs over the heart. Jeffries doubled forward and seemed about to fall, but managed to hold himself and resume his crouching attitude.

Fortunately for Jeff it was close to the end of the fourth round and he got to his corner, but in a state of partial collapse. He lay back in his chair with his legs stretched out straight and panted.

Ryan and Delaney worked feverishly over the big chap, but when the bell sounded for the fifth round, Jeffries did not arise with alacrity and rush to combat. On the contrary he lay supine in his corner and wanted to call it a day's work. It required the combined efforts of Delaney and Ryan to get Jeff into a sitting position and then push him out into the ring.

IT is a question if ten seconds did not elapse before the Boilermaker finally faced Fitz for the fifth round. If ever a fighter desired to have hostilities declared off and an armistice arranged Jim Jeffries did between the fourth and fifth rounds of his contest with Fitz at Coney Island.

ANOTHER interesting point is that Fitz did not hit Jeff in the solar plexus region where he smashed Corbett, but selected the ribs as his target. As Fitz had won nearly all his great battles with heavy shots to that part of the body between the ribs and the belt, his omission to reach that spot when he had a clear punch at the Boilermaker's body caused comment.

During the remainder of the affair, Fitz did little but swing wildly at Jeff,

and it was not the habit of the champion to swing wildly at any opponent.

In the eleventh round Fitz did the same thing he was guilty of in the second. He ran his face into Jeff's outstretched left and began to wobble.

"My God, here comes the knockout," cried Martin Julian from Fitz's corner, just before Jeff landed the final punch. The ejaculation by Julian was a peculiar one for the chief second of a man who was wobbly, but who had weathered many a serious crisis in the ring. Possibly Julian knew that the knockout was foreordained.

Shortly after the bout, an acquaintance of Fitz condoled with him on the loss of his championship.

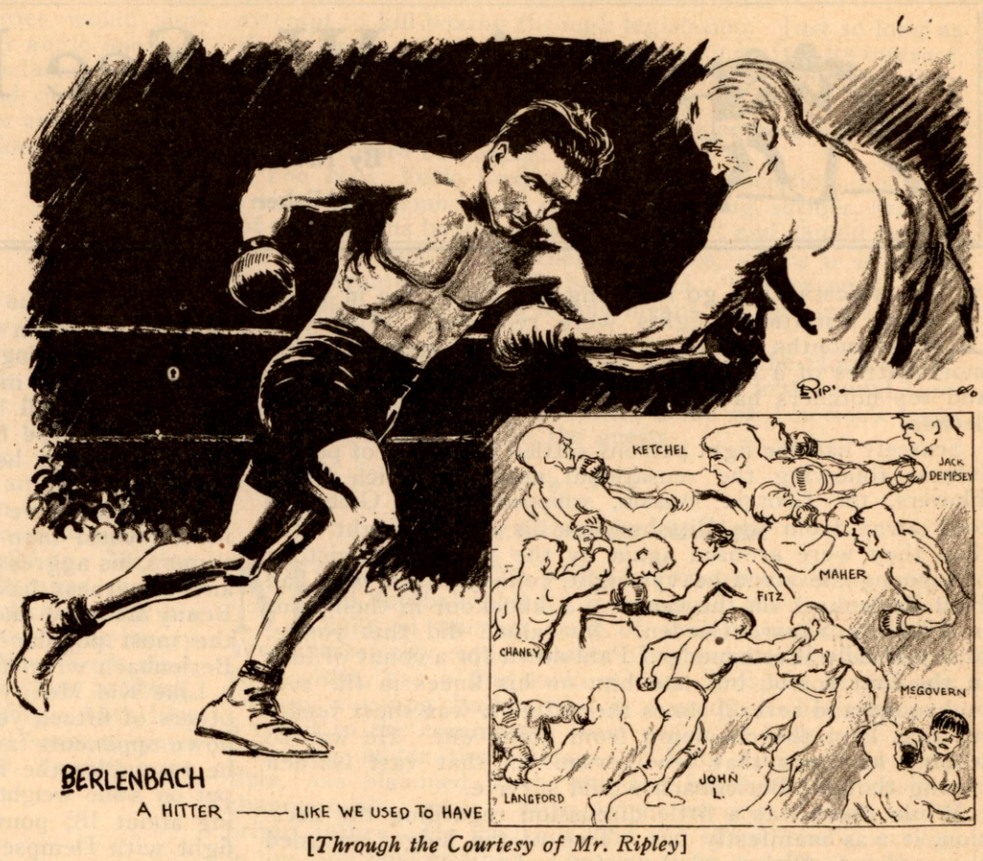
"Let 'im 'ave the title," said Fitz, "and when Hi get ready Hi'll go and take it away from 'im."

Three years later, July 25, 1902, to be exact, Fitz went to the Coast to take the title from Jeff. By this time the new champion was a veteran of the ring, had beaten many good heavyweights and had the confidence inspired by victory. He was now twenty-seven years of age, and in the best physical condition of his career as a pugilist.

Fitz was now forty years of age, yet still a great fighter with but one defect—weakened hands due to the terrific hitting he had done for years. Yet in spite of the fact that Jeff had improved forty per cent over his form at Coney Island, and that Fitz had added three years to his life and was far beyond the time at which pugilism can be successfully followed, the old chap, according to all who saw the contest, gave the champion the worst beating he had ever received in the ring up to that time.

IN the Coney Island affair, Fitz apparently was unable to land more than one effective blow, and that one did not reach a vulnerable spot. But in the San Francisco battle, nearly every punch that Fitz shot at the champion landed with telling effect. Jeff's face was so cut and bruised that he was unpresentable for weeks, and the body blows he received would have felled any fighter with less stamina than that of the Boilermaker.

For seven rounds Fitz hammered and pounded the Californian like a strong man beating rugs, but failed to bring him down. When Fitz came out for the eighth round his aged knuckles which had cracked under the strain of bombarding the iron jaw of the champion, refused to do further service. Finding that the Cornishman's ammunition was exhausted, Jeff rushed in and finished the old warrior.



[*Through the Courtesy of Mr. Ripley*]

The significant feature of these two bouts is that Fitz, at the top of his form, was unable to land with effect on a youth in his pugilistic novitiate. Yet three years later, when Jeff was an experienced fighter, and Fitz older and doubtless less effective, the aged boxer had no trouble in beating the champion's face and body at will.

I saw both men three weeks after the contest and the champion was a sorry looking figure. His face was black and blue, with partly healed cuts over the eyes and lumps under them. He admitted to the writer that he had received the worst licking of his life Possibly the Coney Island bout was waged on its merits, but it looked very much to me as if Fitz, who could feign a knockout in a way to deceive experts, did some realistic acting at Coney Island June 9, 1899.

CHARLEY WEINERT'S HARDEST FIGHT

(*Continued from page* 16)

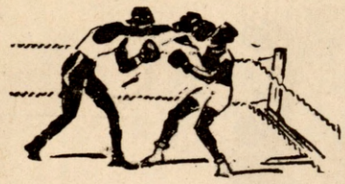
The round had been half spent, both of us roughing the other all over the ring, butting, heeling, using the elbows, throwing in the shoulder, stabbing with thumbs to eyes, choking and each hitting low; there was real pandemonium in the big arena.

In the midst of the excitement, the Deputy Boxing Commissioner for Upper New York hurt himself, or-Commissioner's name was Kearney.

COMMISSIONER KEARNEY, in a wild-eyed speech delivered from the ring, declared he had stopped the battle, and the following day would ask for the suspension of both boxers, their managers, the referee, and the revocation of the license of the club.

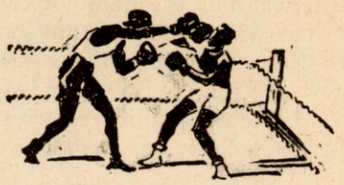
After much argument he did agree to allow the men to continue, if they boxed according to rules of the New York State Boxing Commission. I had learned my lesson. The rest I had while the argument was on between the Commissioner and the fans served me well. When the bell rang for the fourth round, I was back ready.

I boxed Benedict, picked out my spot, sent home the right blow, at the right time, with the right force behind it and saw the big fellow go to the floor like he had been shot. When the excited referee had tolled off the fatal "ten" count over Benedict, he did me the greatest favor of my ring career. Other fighters have had tough fights, but if any one of them had a tougher session than I had with Mr. Al Benedict, I would like to be one of those sitting in at the ringside during the hectic festivities.



As We See It

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor



1926 is destined to go into ring history as one in which many sensational fights were recorded. With only three months passed, fight fans have seen probably more battles of a hair-raising variety in which champions and top notchers have figured than any year in the last decade.

Scarcely had the fight patrons settled to a state of peacefulness following the sensational upset in which Tiger Flowers, the Georgia Deacon, whipped Harry Greb and took away from the Pittsburgher his middleweight title, than they were aroused again by the sensational victory of a young Cleveland heavyweight, Johnny Risko, who had Paul Berlenbach on the verge of a knockout in their bout in Madison Square Garden. Not alone did this young, husky Middle Westerner put Paul down for a count of four in the first round, but had him on his knees in the second round and several times thereafter it was sheer tenacity that kept the champion from going out. He was so wobbly at times that few persons in that vast Garden throng thought Berlenbach would survive.

While there was a little discussion regarding the decision, it was manifestly fair. Two of the judges awarded the verdict to Risko and the referee, Jack O'Sullivan, gave it to Paul. We, from our ringside seat, gave Paul only four rounds, handed five to Risko and made one even. Yet even had Paul gained an even break in the number of rounds we cannot see how the bout could have been recorded other than in Risko's favor because of the two knockdowns and the severe punishment he inflicted on his opponent.

* * *

Commissioners Err

HOWEVER, we feel that the State Athletic Commission erred in placing restrictions upon Berlenbach. True, Risko was entitled to the decision, but whether he could have gained the verdict fighting Berlenbach under equal conditions, is a question. Berlenbach, it will be remembered, was severely handicapped from the start. In order to obtain permission for the bout it was necessary for him to agree not to weigh in more than the light heavyweight limit of 175 pounds. Despite the fact that no title was involved, the Commissioners refused to let Paul meet his rival at catch weights. They insisted that he must scale no more than 175 pounds eight hours before fighting time. This gave Risko an advantage of 16 pounds, as Paul scaled only 174 and the Clevelander 190 when they were weighed in at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the contest.

Sixteen pounds to a terrific slugger and a man who can take severe punishment, is a handicap that even Jack Dempsey, reputed to be the heaviest hitter in the world, could not withstand for a very long time. Doubtless Berlenbach could have been in far better better condition and would have given a much better account of himself, had he been permitted to enter the ring weighing somewhere in the neighborhood of 185 pounds.

For some unknown reason the Boxing Commission has ruled that all champions fighting in a class higher than the one in which they hold the crown must scale at the limit of their division. This is unfair. Catch weight bouts are a good thing for the sport and give a champion an opportunity to tune up for a titular contest when not enough good men are to be found in his class. The obnoxious restrictions which almost resulted in a knockout for Berlenbach should be eliminated.

Praise for Delaney

WHILE on the subject, we take this means of congratulating Berlenbach for the interest he has created in the light heavyweight division by his acceptance of all bouts offered him with real opponents. Men of the type of Paul, Harry Greb and Jack Delaney are few and far between in the boxing world. The sport needs such men.

Incidentally, we think there is no more popular fighter in the world than Delaney. His willingness to battle all comers, his aggressiveness and his wonderful hitting power and cleverness have gained for him a following such as Benny Leonard once boasted of in New York. He will be the most popular champion of a decade should he beat Berlenbach when they clash outdoors next summer.

Like Kid McCoy, Kid Carter, Joe Choynski and several others of fifteen years ago, Delaney has been able to mow down opponents far heavier than himself. In fighting style he resembles the famous Kid McCoy. If Delaney should put on some weight, he will whip Gene Tunney, and, weighing about 185 pounds, he would have many backers in a fight with Dempsey. Delaney's future is the brightest of any man in the fistic game to-day.

* * *

The Miami Fiasco

THE Miami fiasco, like the great Shelby affair, is a thing of the past. The less said about both, the better for boxing. However, we cannot pass over this unfortunate situation without saying at least a few words against the wild schemers who act as a discredit upon boxing and do more to kill the sport in their respective communities than any number of blue law legislators. When men of the type of Pa Stribling and Billy Gibson, experienced in the ways of the fight promoters, enter blindly into a scheme to stage a fight of such proportions as a Stribling-Tunney affair, knowing as they do that the promoter is planning a $300,000 business with a shoestring as initial capital, they deserve all the misfortune that has befallen them.

Gibson, one of the shrewdest managers in America, knew what promoter Baugh possessed. He knew that the promoter was depending wholly upon some gullible real estate operators to put the fight across, yet he failed to protect himself, Tunney and the fight public by entering into agreement, knowing as he did from the start that it would fail.

Tunney has repeatedly refused to fight in New York, the city that made him famous, unless he received a fortune; yet he was willing to gamble in the South with a man who confessed after the fiasco that he started the venture with only $1,500.

* * *

No Demand for Fight

THERE was no good reason for signing Tunney and Stribling. There was no public demand for this bout. It was purely a commercial proposition in which the real estate operators of Miami, many of whom have had a bad season, had hoped to get some prospective purchasers to the Florida city.

The outcome was just as fight experts in the North had predicted—boxing promoters, managers and the game itself in Florida received a black eye. The advance sale was a frost, less than $22,000 having passed into the coffers.

Boxing in Florida is taboo, yet the bout was arranged

with the understanding that the authorities would shut their eyes to the violation. From whatever angle one considers the contest, he reaches only one conclusion—a great blunder has been made, and for the good of boxing we hope promoters will take heed in the future and study very closely the Shelby and Miami fiascos before undertaking a contest of such importance.

* * *

Tunney Should Win

REGARDING the future Stribling-Tunney fight, we feel that Tunney will win, and by a knockout, if the best that Stribling can give was on exhibition in his bout with Young Slattery, a Buffalo middleweight. Tunney not only is a heavier hitter than the Southerner, but Stribling will never be able to use the rough tactics on Gene that he tried out so successfully on Slattery.

Stribling, in our opinion, will never rise any higher than at present. There may be some unknown lurking in the fistic horizon who some day will deprive Jack Dempsey of his crown, but that fellow is not Young Stribling. Making his first appearance in New York in a distance contest, Stribling barely managed to squeeze out a victory over his much lighter opponent, and that only after using every variety of rough tactics ever seen in a New York ring. Harry Greb might well take a few pointers from Stribling. For his showing Stribling took back to Georgia with him $18,500, which was far more than he would have obtained from Promoter Baugh had his contest with Tunney gone through down in Dixie.

* * *

Fuente Out of Picture

THE defeat of Tony Fuente by Sailor Huffman at Vernon, California, recently, was hailed with delight in New York, where the report had been spread that Tony, king of modern ring fakers, would start East, for an engagement in the Empire State after his bout with Huffman. It will be recalled that Tony and his manager and Fred Fulton had pleaded guilty in an Arizona court to faking fights and that both Tony and his manager were given jail sentences for fraud. That was the third time in his career of less than two years that Fuente had concocted with his manager to fake a fight in order to pile up a knockout record.

Under new management, Fuente had decided to stick to the straight and narrow path, but the public continued to have no faith in the so-called Mexican because of his previous trickery. His first big bout, since ousted for fixing contests, came at Vernon and fortunately Huffman settled Tony's future as a drawing card by knocking him out in the fifth round. A right hook to the chin finished the Mexican, and that blow also saved the New York State Boxing Board from barring Fuente from the Empire State, as we were given to understand he would be.

New York wants no Fulton-Fuente fakers. There are too many good boys, honest fighters, waiting for a chance to earn an honest living in their profession without importing "fixers."

* * *

N. Y. Boxing Writers Organize

NEW YORK boxing scribes are to be commended for their keen foresight in organizing a Boxing Writers' Association. This body, which starts with an initial membership of about 60 Metropolitan writers, is the nucleus of what will eventually become a National Boxing Writers' Association, an organization similar to that controlled by the baseball scribes. Wilbur Wood, of the New York Evening "Sun," is the president.

The aim of this new organization is three-fold: To better the working conditions of those who are assigned to report boxing matches; to offer aid to the legalized authorities in matters pertaining to the sport, and to protect boxing from blue law agitators and other organized bodies that annually attempt to kill boxing through legislation. Just so long as the sport has a body of individuals looking after its interest, keeping its eyes glued on the unscrupulous members within the field of writers, if there be any, and the enemies of boxing without, just so long will there be no need for fearing the future of boxing.

The New York Boxing Writers' Association, boasting among its membership America's leading scribes, will be of tremendous benefit to the fistic sport and should receive the hearty support of other big cities, where it is hoped similar organizations will be started. Boxing needs concerted defense and this is one means for gaining its protectors.

On April 25, in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor, the New York organization will have its first annual banquet and entertainment at which some of America's leading sports figures will be the guests.

* * *

Johnny Grosso in Limelight

MOUNT VERNON, which has turned out many splendid football players, has gained the sports' spotlight in another field of athletic activity. This Westchester city, which boasts of splendid types of American youth, has a fine looking fistic prospect in Johnny Grosso, a young Italian who is a credit to his race and a credit to the community from which he hails.

Grosso, under the tutelage of Billy Gibson and Lou Brix, has blazoned forth into the headlines as possible championship timber. With proper nursing, Grosso has a bright future. He may not land the championship crown in the light heavyweight or heavyweight division, but three years from now he will be menacing the best if he continues to progress at the rate of development shown in the last six months.

Grosso carries the additional asset of being a rare type of fighter who is ever a menace to his opponent because of his ability to land the haymaker even when he is tottering and punch drunk. Johnny endeared himself into the hearts of a capacity gathering at Tex Rickard's fistic emporium recently when, floored twice by Jack De Mave, another stout-hearted scrapper, the Mount Vernonite, reeling about the ring, landed flush on his opponent and sent him sprawling to the canvas. Twice he did this in that memorable fifth session, thereby giving the fans a "Thrill that comes but once in a while." Four knockdowns in one session, two by each fighter, is indeed a rarity!

There are many instances in ring history of men who never lost their deadly hitting powers no matter how groggy their condition, notably Joe Gans, Terry McGovern, Leach Cross, Fighting Dick Hyland, Willie Fitzgerald, Bob Fitzsimmons, Ad Wolgast and Battling Nelson. They were always dangerous, just as is Grosso.

Grosso may never be a champion, but he will doom many an aspirant for championship laurels with those deadly fists of his.

* * *

The Wily Descamps

THE wily Descamps continues to do his utmost to kill boxing in Europe. Descamps, the manager of Carpentier and Paolino, known as one of the shrewdest managers that ever handled the affairs of a boxer, continues to arrange bouts for the Lion of the Pyrenees with set-ups, with sickly opponents fit for the hospital instead of the ring. Tackling set-ups, facing opponents who have demonstrated their worthlessness either through their inability to take or deliver punishment or through old age, seems to be the favorite pastime of Paolino. But he is not to blame. The blame rests on the shoulders of Descamps, who seeks to build his charge up for a killing in America.

That Paolino possesses terrific hitting power and plenty of color is not denied. We saw him abroad and can testify

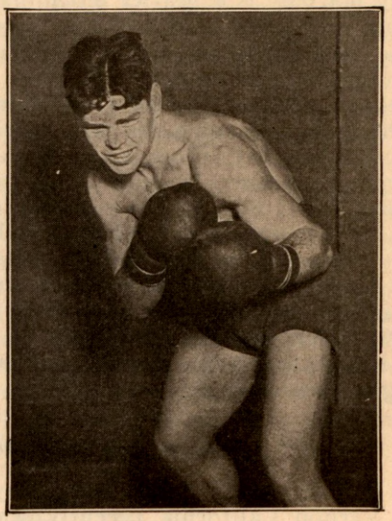
(*Continued on page 22*)

Leonard-Walker Battle Looms as Probability Coming Summer

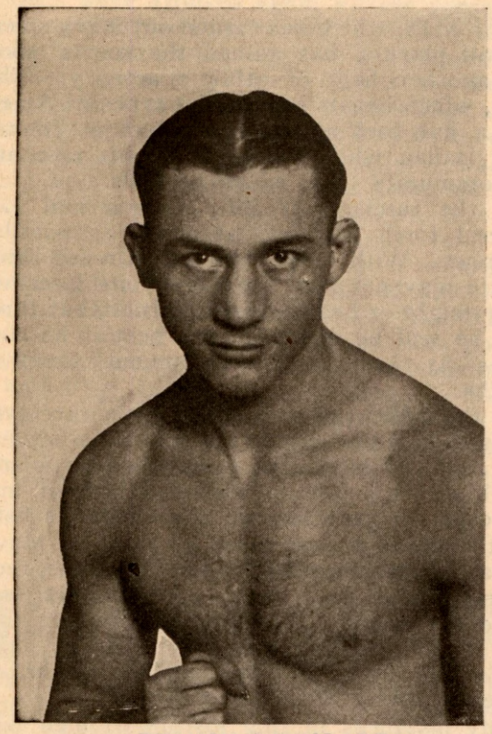
By DANIEL M. DANIEL

IT seems to be pretty definitely settled that the coming Summer will see the return of Benny Leonard to the ring in a battle with Mickey Walker. No official or even semi-official word has come from any direction, but the stage is being set and from what we gather, "Tex" Rickard is to promote the fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City or at the Yankee Stadium.

Rickard refuses to confirm the report that he already has made the match. But he is optimistic about seeing it come through. "I look for Leonard to come out of his short retirement this Summer and fight Walker," said Rickard. "Leonard left the ring too soon. He was at the top of his fistic form and his earning capacity. What he had made was no marker to what he could have made had he kept right on.



MICKEY WALKER



BENNY LEONARD

"I do not think that the short layoff has impaired Leonard's ability or his magnetic powers as an attraction. I believe that he could come back with two months of training and be as good as ever at 142 pounds. A match with Walker stands out as a natural."

There is no doubt that a Leonard-Walker fight would pack either of my outdoor boxing arenas. It is the biggest thing in ring possibilities next to a Dempsey-Wills battle. Leonard has kept himself in shape in the hope that he would be able to induce his mother to permit him to take just one more crack at the ring game.

Walker still is a great fighter, but he is not as dangerous a hitter as he was when the Leonard match first was suggested a couple of years back. Mickey unquestionably has deteriorated. He showed that against Shade last Summer. And he was no world beater when he took that pasting from Greb. Two years ago Walker was talking of fighting Dempsey. Now he has come to the wise conclusion that it is best to stick to one's own class.

In spite of his long layoff, Leonard would have a strong following in the event of a bout with Walker. Benny might be worn down by Mickey, who has a lot of gameness and stamina. In the Greb fight Walker was coming strong at the close while Harry was tiring.

Leonard perhaps would be stableworn, but he wou ld be a dangerous antagonist for Mickey nevertheless.

AS WE SEE IT—EDITORIAL—(Continued from page 21)

to that. But there are at least three good, husky heavyweights abroad who could test the Spaniard's mettle, and who probably would knock him cold in a ten-round bout. These men have repeatedly challenged but without result.

Descamps fears defeat, and with defeat the passing of his meal ticket.

How long will Descamps be permitted to feed the European fight public with this kind of matchmaking?

Will the New York State Commission help him in his wily schemes when he arrives here shortly?

This remains to be seen.

Only a few weeks ago Descamps announced, after Franz Diener, a third rater of Germany held the Basque Wood Chopper to a ten-round draw, that Paolino had broken his hand and would be on the hospital list for four months. Yet one month later, over the strong protests of Henri Bernstein, a splendid fellow and Europe's best referee, Paolino was permitted to fight Drake in Paris and knocked Drake out in one round.

Bernstein called to the attention of the public that Drake had heart trouble and called the match an outrage. He protested when he was appointed referee and declared he would refuse to officiate at such a slaughter. He became the subject of a severe attack on the part of Descamps, yet when the men fought, Bernstein's judgment was vindicated, for it took only two punches to knock out Drake.

We want to see new faces, but we don't approve having foreigners come to our shores and take away fortunes under false pretenses while our own good boys are kept begging for fights.

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

"CAMARAO," the 6 foot 5½ inch heavyweight champion of Portugal, had a fight recently with "Soldier" Jones, the heavyweight Paolina knocked out in a few punches last February in Paris. "Camarao" and Jones met at Lisbon in a bout which was scheduled for twelve rounds. During the second round Jones sent the Portugal giant down for two counts, and at the end of the session, when the crowd in the Coliseum, which numbered over 7,000, saw their champion on the verge of defeat, a riot flamed up in the audience. The police, with difficulty, curbed the fans. The fight had to be discontinued for fear of bloodshed. Jones from all accounts had away the better of the battle. Hence the Spanish giant who is being groomed for a trip to the States, must be an awful bloomer.

The fight game is drawing well here. The French fights in Paris draw capacity houses each week. It is the same way in London, Brussels, Berlin. In Egypt, boxing is a great rage so some of the jockeys that have just returned to France after a winter's riding there informed me. As long as the boxing game is kept clean, it will continue to prosper.

The International Boxing Union is doing more for the good of the game than any other organization on the face of the earth. The Union is controlled by men of high calibre and there is none of the rowdy element in its ranks.

Andre Routis, the French champion featherweight, defeated Gaston Cassini, another French featherweight at the March bout which was held in the Cirque De Paris. The contest went twelve rounds.

Cassini took the bout on at twelve hours' notice as a substitute for the European champion Henri Scillie, of Belgium, who while going through his last day of training received a bad cut over one of his eyes which compelled him to withdraw. Although Cassini was outpointed in ten out of the twelve rounds, he put up a good contest. He kept the French champion busy all through the sessions. Routis is a fairly clever boxer, but as yet he lacks the punch necessary for the real chamion calibre fighter.

Paolino, "The Lion of the Pyrenees" in his recent fight against the German heavyweight champion, Dienen, broke a bone in his trusty left hand. He is now in Spain having it attended to by a bone specialist. The next fight for the "Lion" will be against Spalla, the European champion heavyweight, who is the only fighter of account that Paolino has not met in Europe. "After we beat Spalla we will go to America and take on all comers" is what General Descamps informed me recently. The date for the Spalla fight is set for May 15, and the holding place will be Barcelona, Spain.

Measles interfered with a boxing bout recently at the National Sporting Club of London. Arthur Boddington, of Wellingborough, and George Neil of Govan, were matched to fight fifteen rounds. On the night of the fight both men weighed in all right, but Neil failed to pass the doctor as it was found he had a bad attack of the measles, Stanley Shaw of Walsall, substituted for Neil, and he won the bout easily on points.

Johnny Sullivan, of Covent Garden, who a couple of years ago was a member of General Descamps' stable in France, had a twenty round battle against a very clever lad by the name of Len Harvey, of Plymouth, England, at The Ring Blackfriars, recently, and Sullivan, after the twenty sessions were over received the decision from referee Palmer. A small riot followed the verdict.

Our old friend Dick Klegen, the around-the-world fight promoter, about three months ago was hit by an automobile driven by a reckless driver in Paris, and old boy Dick has been laid up in his apartment ever since. He had one of his legs broken. It is only recently that he has been able to hobble along without the aid of crutches. Dick expects to restart work on his film production of a trip to the moon in a few weeks' time, a film that Dick tells us will startle the world.

Fred Bretonnel, the French boxer that Johnny Dundee ran out on about a year ago, met Ernie Izzard, the former European lightweight champion, in a fifteen round bout at the Ring in London, recently. The bout was a close fit with the decision going to Izzard.

Before the London fight, Bretonnel met Paul Fritsch in Paris in a ten round bout which was the headliner at a Cirque de Paris entertainment, and Bretonnel received the point decision after one great fight. The decision was a very close one.

There are a couple of very good welterweight fighters in France. They are Romerio, who now holds the championship of France, and the coming man, as they say in England and France, Alf. Ross.

Promoter Jeff Dickson, who now controls the fight situation in Paris, has started elimination tournaments in several classes in an endeavor to bring to the surface some new French ring talent. Some very fine prospects were brought out in a middleweight tournament recently. The only class that there will be nothing doing in, is the heavyweights. There is nothing in sight in all of Europe, that can class with the American second raters. The best of the lot I consider is Paolino, the "Lion of the Pyrenees."

Henri Scillie, of Belgium, the bantamweight champion of Europe who was matched to fight Andre Routis, the French champion, at the Cirque De Paris recently was compelled to call the match off because of a bad eye. He is a very clever fighter and when he meets the French champion, Scillie should win.

Franz Diener, the new German heavyweight champion, will shortly appear in a Paris bout. Several friends who have seen Diener perform tell me that he is a very good fighter and a hard man to beat.

Father Penn Has New Fistic Hero in Benny Bass—Greatest Fighter at Weight and Inches I've Ever Seen, Says Jack Dempsey

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

PHILADELPHIA, like New York, is the melting pot of pugilism in America. The City of Brotherly Love has developed a raft of champions and near titleholders over a stretch of thirty years, contributing its share in the history of modern fisticuffs.

While Father Knickerbocker waxed enthusiastic over Benny Leonard, Father Penn put a chip on his shoulder in behalf of Lew Tendler. The two battles between Benjamin and Lefty Lou will long live in the memories of those who witnessed them.

When Leonard hung up his gloves—don't be surprised if the old boy returns to the wars to pocket a paltry $150,000 for a joust with Mr. Michael Edward Walker—Pop Knick shed a few tears. With Tendler's star in the eclipse, Father Penn has come back into his own with a new prize ring hero in the person of Benny Bass, a lad who, they tell us, is a second Leonard from a scientific standpoint, but who hits five times harder than the general run of featherweights.

Nothing short of an earthquake will prevent this Russian-American lad from ascending the 126-pound titular heights. There are a great number who are certain he will make Louis (Kid) Kaplan cave in from an avalanche of body blows, his best stock in trade. Leonard will not chuckle when he learns that Bass is a stablemate of Tendler, his arch foe, and it goes without saying, that the retired lightweight king would give half his fortune to see a New Yorker stop short the climb of Phil Glassman's protege.

BASS is the greatest featherweight prospect uncovered in the slumber burg since the halcyon days of Tommy O'Toole, a boy who turned back many foreign aspirants. O'Toole was uncanny in the methodical manner with which he made the invaders play to his music. It will always remain a mystery why he never became a champion. Not forgetting Tommy Langdon, of Kensington, Pa., who outpointed the late lamented Jem Driscoll and Owen Moran two weeks apart. Herculean feat, to say the least!

Philadelphia will always point with pride to association with some of the most famous pugilists that ever fought with bare knuckles or laced the gloves on their hands. Fanning with Billy McCarney the other day on the rapid rise to fame of Bass, we learned from the debonair, suave Willum, born and raised in that city, that Frank Herald, John L. Sullivan's Nemesis, represented Father Penn, as did Danny Dougherty and Steve Flanagan, bantams; Jack Fogarty, bare knuckle middleweight terror; Billy McLean, a heavyweight—the first in the United States to impart the true meaning of the Queensberry art back in 1880—he is nearly 100 years old and the best preserved athlete living, not excepting the Duke of Muldoon.

Then there were Charlie McKeever, crackerjack welter; Jack O'Brien, Billy Rocap, chairman of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission, outstanding 125-pound amateur boxer, who would have made good in the professional ranks had he chosen to continue fighting; Young Erne, Unk Russell, Jack Blackburn, Dave Holly, Paddy Donovan, Eddie McAndrews, Elwood McCloskey, Blink McCloskey, Joe Grim, Tommy Loughran, Lew Tendler and some others.

HE is the greatest featherweight since the days of Abe Attell"—Al Lippe, internationally famed promoter and manager of five world champions.

"The greatest fighter his weight and inches I have ever set my eyes upon."—Jack Dempsey.

"Philadelphia can at last boast of an honest-to-goodness world champion as soon as he gets his crack at the crown."—Mickey Walker.

"The greatest piece of fighting machinery in a human being that has ever been put together."—Jess McMahon, matchmaker, New Madison Square Garden.

All of the above puffs on Bass are not idle statements for they come from men who know boxing from A to Z.

Benny has just passed his twenty-first milestone of life. He has been boxing professionally a little over three years. and in that short space of time he has improved so rapidly that he is within a stone's throw of the featherweight championship. Most of Kaplan's challengers run to cover when the name of Bass is suggested to them as an antagonist. Benny is a deadly puncher, cool as the proverbial pebble under fire, and a masterful boxer. To sum up Benny's fistic prowess in a nutshell—he is a combination of Terry McGovern and Benny Leonard.

Bass was born in Kiev, Russia, in December, 1904. He is the second child of seven, four girls and three boys, in the family of Jacob and Pauline Bass. His parents lived a quaint life in Kiev until Benny became nine years old, and then they migrated to America, landing at Baltimore and immediately going to Philadelphia, where they have lived ever since.

Even at that age, Benny knew that he, too, must do something to help keep the wolf from the door. Together with his older brother Louis, he set out selling newspapers. And to hustle papers in those days around his home section, Second and Vine Streets, meant a fight with the older newsies almost daily. How well Benny succeeded in holding his own was proved when he eventually became leader of the gang.

AT the ripe age of fifteen he donned his first pair of trousers and entered the ranks of amateur fistmen. He fought as a simon pure two and a half years, meeting with wonderful success. Among the more noted scrappers he faced were Frankie Genaro and Wilbur Cohen.

Being well nigh past his seventeenth birthday, the "Fish," as Bass is familiarly known to his horde of admirers, decided to cast away his all for glory tendencies and go on big time. The first and best thing he did was to tie up with Phil Glassman. Philip may have his enemies and all that, but when it comes to managing fighters, he is second to none. Business is his middle name. His word is his bond. He has the goods, and if the promoters want to use them they come high in guarantee and percentages. Phil talks in big numbers—there is nothing cheap about him.

It is a matter of history that Phil picked up Tendler as a newsboy and got him a fortune of money. Thus far he has chased the wolf hundreds of miles away from Bass' doorstep and before another

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year Benny will have all the goldbacks he can spend. Purses like $7,500 and $10,000 for Benny's services are common demands by Glassman. Once he sets his price, heaven and earth can't make him chop a penny off.

WHEN Bass entered Glassman's fold, Phil was guiding the destinies of Joe Tiplitz and Danny Kramer besides Tendler. Phil put him to work with his trio of stars. Benny learned fast.

When Kramer decided to quit Glassman, Phil wished him the best of luck. "I've got Bass, I should worry," said Glassman.

Call it luck, if you will, but it is a matter of record that Bass hasn't lost a fight in a blue moon. Kramer, on the other hand, has been beaten from pillar to post. Only a few weeks ago, he was knocked out by Kid Roy before the home folks.

After Bass defeated some mediocre gladiators, the countryside decided to look up and take cognizance of Glassman's new addition. Offers came to Philip from all sections of these United States. The promoters had read of Bass's hefty hitting —he had been knocking out his opponents with consummate ease.

Wherever Benny appeared he was always signed for a return engagement. Invariably he made money for the promoters.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Bass has supplanted both Tendler and Kramer as Philadelphia's pugilistic idol. Like Tendler, Benny has a wonderful personality. He lets Glassman do all the jabbering for him. When Tendler was in his prime you couldn't get a word out of him to save your soul. "See Phil," was his stereotyped answer to questions.

BASS has fought such men as Pete Sarmiento, Johnny Sheppard, Chick Suggs, Eddie Anderson, Kid Roy, Bobby Garcia and Johnny Farr. His recent knockout over Lew Mayrs, of Baltimore, stunned the fistic universe. Mayrs had easily defeated Kramer two weeks previously. But of more importance was his sensational one round kayo over Al Corbett, of Cleveland. Only a short time ago he outfought the Filipino Sarmiento in Cleveland.

Glassman is not Bass' manager in the mere sense of the word. He is more like a father to him. "Save your money, put away every penny, salt it away for a rainy day," is Phil's advice. "Look at Tendler, he's well off; you must do the same." Bass owns a nice bank account at this writing, thanks to Glassman's advice.

"I have the next featherweight champion of the world, and I don't care who knows it," clarioned Glassman to the writer on his last trip to New York.

"Bass is the hardest puncher I've ever seen, and I've seen them come and go for twenty years," continued Glassman.

"I'll bet you $5,000 you couldn't drag Kaplan in a ring with my kid for all the money in the world. Benny'd knocked him for a row of tenement brick houses.

"It's a funny thing but it's true. I can't get anybody to face Bass in a New York ring," moaned Phil between bites of gum drops. "Everytime Jess McMahon or the other matchmakers in New York mention Bass to supposed featherweights they run to cover."

Bass stands about four feet eleven inches in his stocking feet. Bass, according to his publicist, Nat Frank, "speaks five languages fluently."

WANTED

Signatures of former American, European and world champion boxers, bare-knuckle day boxers and famous boxers who were top-notchers but never champions; also signatures of old-time famous boxing referees, trainers and promoters in all branches of sports, especially boxing; also signatures of sports celebrities, past and present, in any branch.

These signatures are being collected for reproduction on parchment paper.

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Just Among Ourselves

By OUR READERS

THE Editor of THE RING thanks the readers of this publication for their generous response to his request for old boxing photographs, prints and books. Our readers' cooperation is what makes our work a pleasure instead of a burden. The Editor and his staff deeply appreciate the keen interest our readers show in the welfare of this publication. Again we thank you. If you have any prints or old boxing books, let us hear from you.

Several new features will appear in the next issue, one being Frank Graham's fine yarn "The Triple Cross." This story will be published in two installments.

Our series on "The Greatest Fighters of Modern Pugilism" has scored a bullseye. Apparently RING readers are digesting every line of the monthly installment. When 357 letters are received from readers on one subject, there can be no doubt about the popularity of the yarn. Go to it boys. We enjoy reading your comment pro and con, and we feel certain others enjoy reading your opinions and that is why we publish as many as space will permit in each issue.

Come along, the more the merrier.

We are proud to announce that as a result of our request for help from our readers, ninety-seven new subscribers were listed during the month. The price of 15 cents which you pay for this magazine scarcely pays for its production. To avoid an increase in price, we must obtain your help. You can keep the price down by getting one new subscriber. Won't you help a good cause?

Letters are still pouring in on the "Greatest Heavyweight." Here are some received last month in addition to some letters of praise for THE RING:

* * *

Calls Jackson Greatest

"ALLOW me to name Peter Jackson the greatest heavyweight that ever lived. They can talk and write about their Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Corbett, Sullivan, Johnson, Willard or Dempsey but the peer of them all was none other than Jackson.

"'Tis true Fitzsimmons was a great fighter, but didn't Peter Maher knock him cold in one of their fights? The timekeeper's blunder of ringing 'time' too early saving Fitz, thus relieving Maher of a great reputation. Didn't Jackson hold Corbett to a sixty round draw, when Jackson was suffering from a sprained ankle?

"Didn't William Muldoon draw the color line knowing full well his man Sullivan was no match for the great Jackson? Where did Jeffries, slow, plodding but fearless, compare with Jackson? And our present day champion who is simply a socker pure and simple, how long could he last with Jackson? It would be only a matter of how long Dempsey would lose after going six or eight rounds with Jackson.

MAR MURRAY.
2164 E. 13th Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Lauds Fitzsimmons

WITH all due respect to John L. Sullivan, the mighty Jas. J. Corbett, the clever James J. Jeffries, the most powerful Jack Johnson, I say old Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons was the greatest heavyweight. He was thirty-one years of age when he won the crown and lost it when he was thirty-seven and at forty we find him again trying to regain the championship from his successor. He had victory in his grasp when his old ability went to pieces and he was knocked out in eight rounds. Yet one year later we find him beating George Gardner.

At forty-five we find him taking on Jack Johnson. I hate to imagine what old Bob would do were he in Carpentier's shoes when the Frenchman landed that famous right on Dempsey's button. Think it over! Also in Firpo's shoes when Lewis knocked Dempsey out of the ring! Would the champion have crawled back into the ring?

I say Old Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons was the greatest heavyweight that ever climbed between the ropes of an arena.

Jack O'Shea, Boxing Instructor, G. A. A. C., Gary, Ind.

* * *

Favors Peter Jackson

I HAVE been reading your letters on the best heavyweight in fistic history, and I think a great injustice is being done in ignoring the great Peter Jackson.

Although Jackson was never "Champion of the World" anyone who knows anything about fighting history at all knows that Peter could have been. Why wasn't he? It stands to reason that if everyone in his time refused to fight him, they must have realized that Jackson was the master. Does not this much show his superiority?

John L. and Bob Fitzsimmons, both great champions of Peter Jackson's day, refused to fight the Negro for the "title."

As the best heavyweight in fistic history I would pick Peter Jackson and next to him Fitzsimmons.

I have not seen anything about Jackson as yet but I am quite sure there are fans that think the same as I.

Bid Johnson, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Another for Jeffries

I CONSIDER Jim Jeffries the most popular and the most skilful heavyweight in ring history. A man of his caliber is hard to find. He knocked out one of our most scientific champions, James J. Corbett and knocked out one of our best fighters, Bob Fitzsimmons. He gave the fans their money's worth. He was every inch a champion. Until he was dethroned by Jack Johnson, who was later dethroned by Willard at Havana.

BEN HOLLANDER,

* * *

FAIR AND UNBIASED

MAY I, as a stranger to your wonderful country, congratulate you for the excellent and interesting manner in which you edit your magazine? It is no idle boast of yours when you say it is the world's foremost boxing magazine.

Being a boxing enthusiast, I have read all the European magazines that cater to the boxer and fans, but in none have I found such a fair and unbiased opinion on the topics of the day as The Ring. I shall look forward each month for your book.

But what a time to wait! Why not each week? I have two friends in the profession who are at present in this country. Is it possible to get into communication with them through your widely reached paper? Their names are Bermondsey Billy Wells and Tommy Noble of London, England. They were old friends of mine in 1915 and in the great war, we all got split up. I should very much like to see them once again. I shall be a fixture in this country and to your magazine in the future.

Here's wishing you more strength to your paper and prosperity for the future. I am, yours, a well wisher.

FRANK JACKSON,
(Late of Sheffield, England)
6223 Fisher Ave., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Calls It the Best

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine for some time and have found it to be the best paper for fight news I have ever read. Allow me to congratulate you on the clean, honest and square method you use in putting over each issue.

I am sure there are a number of your readers who would like to hear something from my friend Harry Wills, the outstanding contender for Jack Dempsey's crown and his hardest fight. He will probably have visions of old "Tham" Langford, the Boston tar-baby when he tries to recall his toughest scrap.

My best wishes for continued success. Your reviews of the old timers is a howling success with your readers out this way.

Only wish your publication were more frequent.

Very truly,
LEROY D. DUNLOP.

New York Fisticuffs

By LEFT JAB

WHEN Tex Rickard showed us the figures for the sixteen boxing shows he has staged in the new Madison Square Garden from December 11, 1925, to March 25, 1926, the numerals almost blinded us. The gross receipts total $850,442. He is confident the million dollar mark will be reached before the present month passes out.

Imagine a cool million for boxing in the short space of six months! "Wonder if it grows on trees," sighed Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, when we showed him the figures. "Which goes to prove that the red blooded man's sport is getting bigger and better every day," declared our publisher, after depositing Rickard's receipts among some old prints and clippings for future reference.

The average receipts were $53,140, and the attendance 14,185. The total paid attendance was 226,974. Young Stribling and Jimmy Slattery attracted the largest crowd of them all—18,250. The biggest "gate" was on the opening night when Paul Berlenbach defeated Jack Delaney—$148,155.

Just to keep the books straight we will let you in on the whole works:

Date	Bout	Attendance	Receipts
Dec.	11—Berlenbach-Delaney	16,913	$148,155
Dec.	18—Kaplan-Herman	13,299	54,750
Dec.	23—McTigue-Flowers	13,087	49,976
Jan.	1—Shade-Todd	10,530	28,808
Jan.	8—Terris-Vinez	14,067	43,480
Jan.	15—Delaney-Fitzsimmons	11,688	42,383
Jan.	22—Zivic-Milligan	13,152	39,163
Feb.	5—Delaney-Risko	15,725	51,638
Feb.	12—Sharkey-Huffman	8,849	24,568
Feb.	19—Milligan-Zivic	13,215	44,300
Feb.	26—Greb-Flowers	16,237	95,063
March	1—Loayza-McGraw	15,213	58,602
March	15—Delaney-McTigue	17,757	79,599
March	19—Berlenbach-Risko	15,281	62,143
March	25—Stribling-Slattery	18,250	86,275
		226,974	$850,442

Jack Delaney picked up a young fortune in three out of four victories. He was beaten by Berlenbach, but he came right back and trounced Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Johnny Risko and knocked out Mike McTigue in the order named. It is not divulging any secret to state that since the rejuvenated French-Canadian went under Pete Reilly's wing he has amassed a couple of hundred thousand dollars. And to think that four years ago Pete bought his contract for a song—$900 to be exact—from Al Jennings, of Bridgeport, Conn.

February, March and April were red letter months in Gotham fisticuffs. The greatest of many upsets was the dethronement of Harry Greb at the hands of Tiger Flowers. The fall of the Cabaret King did not come as a distinct surprise to those in the know. Greb was forced to hand over his mythical middleweight diadem to the clean living Negro churchman after defending it against all comers for nearly three years. Greb's defeat is a lesson to boxers who stray from the straight path.

Next in importance was the sound thrashing administered by Johnny Risko, so-called rubber man from Cleveland, to Paul Berlenbach. A terrific left hook in the first round took all the brute strength and hitting power out of the Astoria Ox. Paul gave us the thrill that comes once in a lifetime when we saw him laying flat on his back taking the count. We felt like marching to the box office and paying for the punched ticket. We'll never get over it.

It remained for Delaney to give the customers a flock of thrills as he rocked old Mike McTigue to the resin floor with several terrific right uppercuts. Referee Patsy Haley intervened in the fourth round to save Mike from unnecessary punishment. Delaney's performance will long live in the memories of the 18,000 frenzied fans who sat in at the fireworks.

Not forgetting the great battle waged between Stanislaus Loayza and Phil McGraw, the Bronx Hospital Fund headliners. The 16,000 spectators stood up during most of the ten rounds cheering wildly. The young gladiators fought one another all over the place. The power behind some of the blows sent shivers down the spines of the scribes huddled around the ringside.

Young Stribling chastised Jimmy Slattery, another lover of the night life, in a manner that taught the Buffalo lad it doesn's pay to emulate the superhuman Greb. Slats tried to make a boxing match out of it but the Georgian refused to play to his music. Stribling punched Jimmy full of holes. We hope Slats has learned his lesson.

It isn't too late for him to reform; he must rid himself of his so-called pals and knuckle down to the grindstone. Slattery is not through; all he needs is someone to take him by the back of the neck and drum into his head that it pays to live clean, especially in the modern art, if he wants to make a fortune like Delaney, Berlenbach, McTigue, Terris and a few other sensible scrappers.

Bud Gorman turned the tables on Carl Carter in most approved fashion in the semi-final to Berlenbach and Risko. Bill Duffy's young heavyweight demonstrated his superiority over the Cuban. Remarkable performance on the part of Bud considering that a few weeks previously he had been knocked cold as the proverbial mackeral in one heat by Carter.

One of the best heavyweight struggles between youngsters seen in a blue moon was that between Jack De Mave and Johnny Grosso. Although De Mave got the "duke" the fans made a hero of the Mt. Vernon socker. A return match between this pair will pack any arena. Both are improving rapidly. In another year Grosso will show titular form.

While the Garden remained closed six weeks to make room for the circus, the small clubs replenished some of their losses. The Pioneer, Lenox and Manhattan turned them away.

Red Chapman dropped in for a few hours a couple of weeks ago to give Charley Goodman a boxing lesson in the Broadway Arena ring. The Hubite decisively outscored Charley with left jabs and hooks. Joe Ryder gave Carl Tremaine a hard fight in the twelve-round semi-final.

Jim Corbett tripped into Jack Delaney for the first time the night after he flattened Mike McTigue. "Well, well, if I'm not glad to meet you," announced the former heavyweight king as his hand disappeared in Delaney's famous right mitt.—"You're one of the greatest fighters I've seen in recent years," was the high compliment paid Delaney, the suave Corbett adding:—"You have a very good chance to become heavyweight champion, and I mean every word I say."

Eddie Kane is a lucky boy. He is managing two of the best attractions, but he isn't getting all swelled up about it. The sawed-off Minneapolis lad didn't waste a minute after Tom Gibbons decided to hang up his gloves, to get another good meal ticket. He is now guiding the pugilistic destinies of Shuffle Callahan, of Chicago. Callahan recently came into prominence by laying low Bobby Barrett in two minutes flat.

Johnny Filucci stopped Izzy Cooper dead in his tracks at the Lenox. The Harlem youngster celebrated his first star bout by trouncing Izzy in six whirlwind rounds. Felucci dropped Cooper in the second but Izzy arose before a count was started.

Another kid coming along in good shape is Nick Quagarelli. In his last start he outpointed the veteran Harry London.

Frankie Genaro will return to the wars after a protracted absence at the Catholic Big Sisters' monster benefit show. He is booked to fight Bushey Graham. Genaro's manager is not to be blamed for not getting him more work. The former flyweight king is at fault. He fights whenever he feels like.

Johnny Wilson is coming back. The former middleweight boss is cocksure in his ability to retrieve his laurels if Tiger Flowers gives him another chance. We think Johnny deserves it. He'll make the Negro travel at his fastest gait to retain his laurels.

Sid Terris ran into a snag in Buffalo recently. He was held to a draw by Harry Cook, who didn't figure to make the east side Will o' the Wisp waste a blow. In the seventh round Cook surprised the spectators by landing several hard punches.

Phil (K. O.) Kaplan and Jack McVey duplicated the savage Loayza-McGraw tilt in the Commonwealth ring a couple of weeks ago. Kaplan won by the skin of his teeth. Phil is going great guns in the middleweight division.

The armories are turning out some good prospects. The regimental scrappers stand 'em on their heads. They're the nearest thing to the amateur pugs—fight their heads off every second they are in there.

About time Andy Divodi came out of hiding. We've missed him and so have the fans. The young lightweight should make a small fortune in the next year or two. He is a tremendous drawing card.

When the Garden closed for six weeks Matchmaker Jess McMahon breathed a sigh of relief. But only for a short time. He had to get back on the job and complete cards for three shows in May.

When are we going to lamp Benny Bass in a Gotham ring? Phil Glassman can't make the grade with his hardhitting featherweight. Most of the boys run to cover when Benny's name is mentioned as a prospective opponent.

Jack Katkish came all the way from Pittsburgh to flatten Bernie Hufnagle in four heats.

Pete Reilly, Jack Delaney's manager, claims he has the next heavyweight champion hidden somewhere in Brooklyn. "Who is he?" we asked. "Ah," replied Pete, "that's a secret."

Irving Shapiro is doing very good in the small clubs. His last victim was Willie Makel.

Billy Kelly, the Buffalo cyclone, gets more work than he can handle. He is a four-round sensation.

Dan Skilling, deputy boxing commissioner, is to be commended for his untiring efforts in making the Bronx Hospital Fund the success it turned out to be. He was the man behind the throne then and is doing great work also for the Catholic Big Sisters.

In a twelve-round ring battle in Havana recently Black Bill beat Henny Catena of New York.

Two weeks ago Elizabeth, N. J., went into deep mourning over the unexpected knockout suffered by one of its leading fistic citizens. Georgie Ward, one of the nicest fellows you'd want to meet, stumbled into a flock of triphammer rights and lefts unloosened by the rough, tough Harry Martone, and before the large crowd parked like sardines in the Bayonne Stadium realized what happened Georgie had been counted out. Martone, 50 to 1 shot to win and a million to one to score a kayo, created a sensation by putting Ward to sleep in two stanzas.

Ward received $1,250 for his end and a broken heart to boot. Looks like he'll have a tough time breaking in on big time in Gotham rings. Jess McMahon, Garden matchmaker, offered Ward's manager several tempting offers but he passed them up. He may be sorry now that he didn't listen to Jess. Personally, we feel very sorry for Georgie. He has always been a credit to the game. It was the second time Ward was stopped in seven years. Jock Malone turned the trick in three rounds back in 1924.

The relief fund of the National Sports Alliance was enriched by $904 from a show recently staged by the McMahon Brothers at the Commonwealth.

There is no stopping Dominick Petrone, crack Harlem bantam. The young Italian surprised the experts and fans alike by his wonderful stand against Chick Suggs, giving the flashy Negro more trouble than he has ever experienced before in his brilliant career. In his next start Petrone whipped Eddie O'Dowd.

They are singing the praises of Meyer Cohen, Lou Brown's protege, who whipped Georgie Levine, at Holyoke, Mass., several weeks ago. Fresh from a victory over Tommy Milligan, Levine figured he had a soft mark in Cohen until he ran into a blizzard of left hooks and right hand uppercuts. Cohen is entitled to some big shots.

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
BY DUKE BARRY.

Miami is slowly recovering from the Tunney-Stribling fiasco. For the past several weeks Ed Douglass, Miami's pioneer promoter, was informed that no shows would be permitted. However, that difficulty has now been smoothed out.

Had boxing gone into the discard here, Ed Douglass, who recently erected one of the best outdoor arenas in the country, would be standing a loss of $50,000. Tex Richard, who recently visited Miami, stated that Douglass' arena is one of the most modern miniature affairs he ever saw. But at this writing Douglass has a card arranged to present and he has been assured that he can open up the sport here again.

News dispatches reaching Miami have it that Barney Adair, New York welter, in Miami at present, recently won a popularity contest in New York City. Same was played up by local papers, as Barney is very popular all through Florida.

Al Walthers, Canton, Ohio, star welter, is making Miami his home for the present at least. Al has not been to the post so far, but is signed to mingle with Jimmy Gorry of St. Louis.

Leo P. Flynn, with Emil Paluso, Dave Shade and Jack Renault in tow, has been enjoying Miami and Havana, Leo having Renault over in Cuba for a couple shots.

Joe Lynch, who met Pal Moore recently in Miami, has blown to the big town. Eddie Mead and Connie McCarthy, business associates, leave shortly.

Tony Ross, the Pittsburgh featherweight, has been traveling great in various Florida cities. He returned home, but will come back shortly.

Joe Woodman has been keeping King Soloman in the sunshine and money at Tampa and at Atlanta, Ga. Douglass is keen to show the King in Miami and it is probable he will get a shot.

Fort Lauderdale has proven to be a hoodoo town. The elements have been against every show promoted there.

Tampa and West Palm Beach are flourishing. The game has a strong hold on these cities. West Palm Beach will continue to operate late in the spring. It is expected that Jim Downing will keep the Tampa Club going all summer.

E. W. Dickerson, well known sports writer of Grand Rapids, fell for Miami hard. The genial "Dick" likes the town, but not the way he was treated by Jess Baugh and his outfit.

A. B. Connors has resigned as matchmaker for the American Legion at St. Petersburg, and "Al" Dorian, former matchmaker, has again stepped into the breech.

Suey Welsh, the manager and promoter, had Jimmy Darrah and Maxey Hulub, all of Akron, Ohio, are here for work. Darrah's bout with Dave Shade was cancelled, while Maxey got a shot at West Palm Beach.

Al Ziemer, former champion Johnny Kilbane's protege, received a lacing at the hands of Tommy Jones at St. Petersburg recently. Ziemer was considered a comer around Cleveland a short while back.

Harry Graham, the state's premier referee, fortunately ducked all questionable bouts. Graham's reputation is too valuable to be dragged in the mire.

MINNESOTA GOSSIP
BY MURRAY McLEAN.

George Temple, St. Paul manager, has added two youngsters to his string, Red Corbett, lightweight, and Mike Sauro, a middleweight. George also handles two cracks boys in Billy Shauers, a welterweight, and Benny Ray, a bantamweight.

Sauro is one of the most pleasing performers around these parts and although he does not always get the decision, he always fights and in a sensational manner.

Billy Light has decided to turn professional. Here is a lad who will go far with the proper management. Of good habits and with a gentlemanly personality, and class and boxing ability to burn, all he needs is the necessary experience and schooling. He is a lightweight.

Wildcat Eddie Mason is spending a few weeks in the Chicago district under the guidance of Mike Ferrozzo, where he expects to have a half dozen fights before returning home. Mason looks like a comer and has been winning all of his fights of late.

Rube Schipper, of Eau Claire, Wis., has invaded the ranks of Twin City boxers. Rube is a heavyweight and has placed himself under the management of Al Vadnais. He claims wins over Frank Muskie, Joe Martin and Big Ben Sullivan.

Al Van Ryan, the South St. Paul Cowboy, shaded Jackie Conway of Minneapolis at the St. Paul Athletic Club show. Van won because he was the aggressor and landed most of the clean punches, but Jackie made it interesting for him all of the way. My Sullivan beat Vic Walters and Jimmie Cashill beat Johnny Harris in the other bouts.

Minneapolis fans had a night of hectic boxing on March 4 in a show arranged by Jack Reddy, which was composed of almost all local boxers. Sammy Leonard, the Minneapolis fighting dental student, won over Roscoe Hall, the Des Moines medical student, in the main event. Hall was down three times in the second round.

Cyde Hull of Faith, S. D., who usually makes his home in St. Paul during the winter, beat Billy Schauers in the semi-windup. Clyde beat Schauers in a good deal the same manner that Leonard beat Hall. He scored nine knockdowns in the second round.

Dago Joe Gans, who used to be a headliner hereabouts, came back out of temporary retirement and stopped Bill De Jalma in a few rounds.

Sammy Ratner beat Eddie Rogan, Jack Gibbs beat Johnny Mack and Wildcat Eddie Mason made a chopping block out of Harry Arney in the other bouts. Mason looked very good knocking his opponent to the canvas in the first round.

This show was another of Billy Fawcett's local talent, popular priced shows and the attendance was very good. A few more shows of this kind and the Armory will not be able to hold them.

Freeman Pepper, who knocked out Al Kubiak of Milwaukee at Eau Claire last month, went down Wisconsin way and repeated the trick. Pep is a big card there now and is matched to fight Jack Heinemann at the next show.

Jack Reddy had a very good show on St. Patrick's Day, but the crowd was not up to its usual size. Al Van Ryan beat Buddy MacDonald in the main event.

One of the best fights seen in the Twin Cities this season was sprung on the fans at this show when Dago Joe Gans shaded Earl Blue. The Dago spotted Blue seven pounds and beat him to the punch throughout. After the bell Blue took an extra poke at Gans and Joe took one himself. After that they poked each other many times and it took four policemen, Referee Shave, and all of the managers and seconds in the corners to pry them apart. And they were still calling each other names after they retired to the dressing rooms.

In the other fights Artie Sheire and Benny Ray put up a very nice bout. Ray winning; My Sullivan stopped Mickey Rose; King Tut stopped Jimmie Josephs, and Jimmy Cashill beat Johnny Harris.

Joey Clein, Milwaukee featherweight, and his manager, Doc Hoffmann, have split. Another case of the manager being unable to get along with the boxer after spending years trying to bring him out, and just about ready to realize something on his investment.

Russell Husten, St. Paul junior lightweight, who was known as "The Flea" when he was a flyweight in the amateurs, is improving right along. Recently he stopped Matt Flynn and Johnny McGinnis and looked good.

Bobby Lyons, an amateur welterweight, is coming fast and expects to enter the pro ranks before long.

Buck Dineen has a likely looking heavyweight in Joe Blake. Big Joe stopped Wally Dempsey and Bobby Buss within a week and is matched to fight Red Wilson.

ROSIN DUST FROM ERIE
By LESTER E. DENNIG

Johnny Carey, brilliant Erie welterweight, in his last three starts got a draw with Mike Dempsey, knocked out Eddie Conrad in the third and defeated Chubby Brown. He surely can fight and never fails to please the fans.

Jack Pry, that clever middleweight from St. Bonaventure College, boxed Ted Easterbrook ten pretty rounds to a draw at the Arena. On the same card Battling J. D., colored heavyweight, stopped Pete Ankelos in the first round.

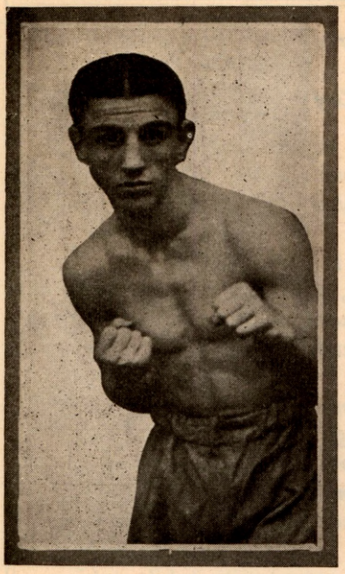
At the Erie Arena, Teddy Easterbrook stepped out and got a well earned decision over Floyd Hybert. What a sweet return bout that would be.

In the semi-final, Frankie Van, classy Cleveland flyweight, knocked out Emil Lundberg from Jamestown in the second round.

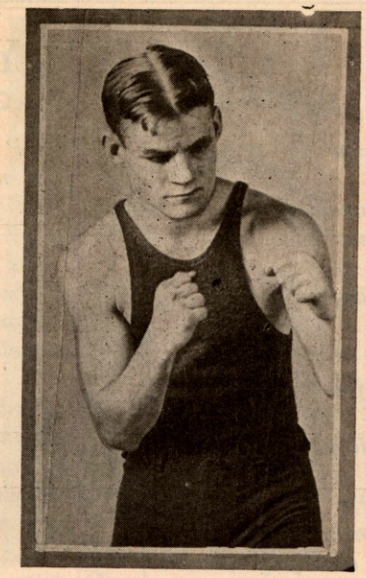
Promoter John Koesch and Matchmaker Tommy Maxwell are certainly meeting with success at the Erie Arena. The boxing public has confidence in them. Boxing shows here have finally come into their own under their careful management, and congratulations are pouring in from all sides.

Battling J. D., colored heavyweight, knocked Butch Carr in the third round of a scheduled ten round bout at the Arena.

Dutch Chandler received a terrific punch to the heart in the first round of his bout with Alec Gibbons and went out like a light. The preliminary bout between Whitey Stevenson and Joe Bagley was a peach. Twice in the first two rounds Bagley was on the floor and practically out. In the third he came to, and what a battle it was! Bagley used a right uppercut, and how he did use it! After six of the toughest rounds I have ever seen, the judges called it a draw and the crowd bellowed it's approval.

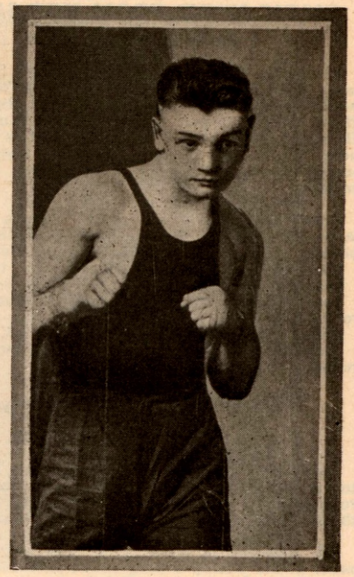


Alec Burlie, Canadian flyweight, who lays claim to the 112-pound championship.



Pinkie May, claimant of the Southern 118-pound title. He is accounted to be a hard puncher.

Teddy Leonard, challenger of the flyweight championship. He hails from New Jersey.



Lee (Kid) Johnston, Charlotte, N. C., boxer. He is a hard puncher.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By JULES D. BECK

Boxing in this locality has been at a standstill. Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh has shut down for the past two months. McKeesport has held their shows more or less irregular. The surrounding towns like Homestead, McDonald, Beaver Falls and Rochester, that held shows at intervals, have closed down entirely. The writer's opinion as regards to the dulness of the boxing game in this neighborhood is really due to lack of local high class attractions. Motor Square at Pittsburgh is really the only club that has the seating capacity to sponsor first class attractions and even they have been forced to lay off for a certain period as attractions like Willie Harmon and Paul Doyle, or Jack Zivic and Doyle have failed to bring them out. However, Motor Square Garden and Duquesne Garden, both at Pittsburgh, expect to function very shortly, and expect to bring to Pittsburgh the highest class attractions obtainable.

Teddy Welch, McKeesport lightweight, expects to forsake his old home town and intends making his home at Louisville, Kentucky. Teddy has a few good bouts there in the making, and will be under the management of Charley Jones, former McKeesporter, now making his home there.

Nick Perlick, Western Pennsylvanian, leading contender for heavyweight honors, is certainly stepping some, since deserting the "Simon Pures." He has yet to taste defeat. His victories are over such men as Bumbo Meyers, Bear Cat Clemons, Johnny Popke, Homer Smith, Pedro Lopez, Nick Ankelos and Mike Conroy. Not so bad, Nick, keep it up. You are still a youngster, and make your climb slow but sure. Nick is under the wing of his lifelong pal, "Dugey Ohare" from McKeesport.

Marty McHale, Junior Lightweight from McKeesport, is the boy that has the fans talking. Marty has showed unusual improvement over his former self, and should be meeting the best in his class if he keeps up his present gait. McHale has been fighting the best of prelim. boys in the neighborhood and has piled up a successive string of nine victories in a short period of five weeks.

Jim Buchanan, manager of Willie Davies, State flyweight champ, has added a classy little miller to his string. He is Young Riggs, Moundsville, West Virginia flyweight flash, and believe me, Riggs is sure a comer. The writer had the pleasure to see this lad in action and predicts a bright future for him if properly handled.

Harry Greb and his manager, Reddy Mason, are at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they journeyed shortly after the defeat of Greb, at the hands of Tiger Flowers.

Due to the scarcity of boxing shows in the locality, there are numerous boys around here that crave action—Andy Tomasky, Hughey Manson, Pee Wee McDonald, Billy (Red) Meyers, Frankie Porto, Andy Stohura, Kid Carpentier, Tommy Crowley, Phil Scello, Young Rudy, Bad News Taylor and others. Plenty of talent, but not enough clubs to keep them in action. Out of town promoters wishing the services of these boys communicate with the writer of this column.

Joe Kid Mannah, West African Bantam Champ, has gone east for quest of bouts. Mannah has appeared in several bouts in and around Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Altoona, and has shown enough ability to be considered for more engagements in the future.

Kid Carpentier, New Kensington flash, is a corking featherweight prospect. The Kid is handled by Mike Harding from the North Side, Pittsburgh. Carpentier is quite a favorite among the prelim. boys at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh.

Andy Tomasky lost a couple of close ones. First, Davey Adelman, Philadelphia flyweight pride, took a ten round decision over Andy at McKeesport, followed up by another close decision against him at the hands of Young Riggs from Moundsville.

Capt. King from McKeesport thinks he has a couple of champs in Jack Smith and Marty McHale. That is your privilege, Cap. Let's hope so.

Willie Davies, Charleroi pride, fought a slashing six round bout with Willie La Morte at Cleveland on March 26. La Morte made a good showing against the fleshy Charleroi mite who is unusually good against tough sluggers of the La Morte type. A draw was the result.

Tony Ross is back, and once more Carnegie, the town made famous by Honus Wagner of the Pirates, is out celebrating the return of their prodigal son. Ross was in Florida, where he made quite a hit with his clever boxing, winning all his bouts against the leading lightweights in that neck of the woods. Hail! Hail! to Tony.

Red Chapman is coming along nicely. He looks better with every bout. Get him Champion Kaplan and you will see the title change hands. By the way, Homestead, Pa., is Red's home town.

Tommy Ryan has been quite a busy boy of late. Carl Tremaine and Bushy Graham in succession. Tommy does not pick the soft ones, that's a cinch. Tommy will meet a top notch bantam in McKeesport shortly.

IOWA RING GOSSIP

By BOB WAGNER

Geo. Bourland, Iowa's colored heavyweight contender, took the count when Bearcat Wright, Omaha colored heavy, landed a solid left-hook on Bourland's chin in the first round of their bout at Omaha.

Ham Schilling, Chicago, has a classy stable of boys and has been keeping them all busy in Iowa fight centers. Johnny Nichols, 155 pounder and Jimmy Cashill, lightweight, are billed to appear in Des Moines at an early date. Roy Williams, colored middleweight, has taken the fans in Davenport by storm and has headlined the last three cards there.

Al Schumock of Oelwein knocked out Jack Arthur, Waterloo, in the third round of the main of the American Legion boxing card. Joe Thomas of Oelwein won over Harry Yahn of Cedar Rapids in six rounds.

Jock Malone, St. Paul middleweight, scored a decision over Everett Strong of Spencer, Ia., in a colorless ten round fight at Hollywood.

W. C. Pollard, boxing promoter at Des Moines, has been showing to capacity houses. Pollard would like to get in touch with some good lightweights and welters. Managers address him in care of Crocker Cigar store, Des Moines, Iowa.

Jimmy Ryan, Iowa lightweight champion, has been knocking them all over the past month. He came out on top in five starts. Ryan has been boxing a little over two years and has only lost three decisions. He has signed to box Bobby O'Shea, Nebraska lightweight champion, ten rounds at St. Joseph, Mo., early this month.

Pinkey George, Waterloo, lost a decision to Harry Sue Quong Bill, Los Angeles flyweight, in eight rounds at Des Moines. Tommy Farrell won by a shade over Pasty Kline in eight. They are welterweights.

Billy Gibbs of Cedar Falls and Joe Knipp of Waterloo, fought a fast eight round draw at Waterloo.

Eddie Morris, Sioux City middleweight, easily beat Jack Hienman, Milwaukee, in ten rounds for the American Legion at Mason City. Tommy Farrell won over Jackie Leonard in the eight round semi windup.

Johnny Harris, Des Moines, lost a decision to Jimmy Cashill at St. Paul in six rounds.

Glenn Lage, Des Moines' flashy welterweight, has signed to box Mike Rozgall of Omaha, at St. Joseph. Lage has been coming to the front fast.

Harry Sue Quong Bill, Chinese flyweight, beat Mike Brody of Peoria, in eight rounds at Des Moines. Louie Mays and Joey Yanger, local welterweights, went eight rounds in the semi, with Mays an easy winner.

IN GALVESTON

The boxing game in Galveston is going good, and a great deal of enthusiasm has been displayed. B. Sproule, matchmaker of the Texas National Club and The Galveston Business Men's Athletic Assn. would like to get in touch with the managers of boxers stating the records and terms of the men they represent.

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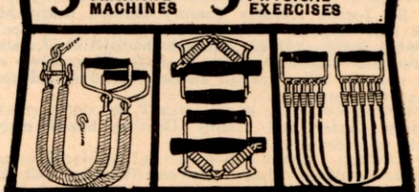

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FISTIC NEWS FROM HOT SPRINGS

BY J. H. DICKENS, JR.

Boxing is thriving in Hot Springs. Sailor Friedman, the Chicago welterweight; Harry Wills, world's heavyweight contender, accompanied by his wife; Harry Greb, former middleweight champion; Babe Herman, and a number of other fighters are visiting here. Wills was introduced at the last fight as a second Tommy Burns. He was given a great reception.

Promoters are staging shows twice a week, with large attendance. Below are five of the most important fights staged in Hot Springs this year.

Chick Darcy defeated Tommy Burns, ten rounds.

Red Herring knocked out Joe Kirk, second round.

Pete Firpo knocked out Bobby Coleman, seventh round.

Tommy Freeman defeated Norm Genet, ten rounds.

Jack Willis knocked out Dude Martinez, ninth round.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

BY JIM HENDRICKS, JR.

Jack Duffy of Toledo shaded Frankie Bob of Dayton on March 3 in twelve of the most hotly contested rounds seen here for some time. The bout was a thriller and was promoted by the Shea Bros.

Ad. Thacher is putting on some very interesting cards in his weekly boxing shows at the Toledo Amateur Club. In the past Toledo has been the scene of two championship contests, due to Thacher's ability and foresight as a matchmaker. He was instrumental in bringing the famous Dempsey-Willard battle here and at a later date he staged the Wilde-Mason flyweight championship match.

Eddie Dyer of Terre Haute, Indiana, won from Don Boyer, Toledo welterweight, here on March 10. Many of the ring antics displayed by Dyer bordered on the order of grandstand stuff, but never the less he was shifty and won by a big margin from his heavier opponent.

Sergeant Norcross, Toledo policeman, is going great guns these days and has accumulated an enviable string of victories, his latest victim being Bill Clemmons, Detroit heavyweight, whom the sergeant disposed of in two rounds.

Jack Duffey and Frankie Bob met in a return engagement on March 17, with Duffey again carrying away the honors. The boys furnished another exciting contest, but Duffey won in much more decisive fashion than in their previous encounter.

A newcomer has joined the colony of local boxers in the person of Al. Wolgast, lightweight, a brother to the famous old champion, Ad. Wolgast. He comes here with a fine record. His business manager is located at 205 Vermont Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Joe Dailey, matchmaker of the Toledo Athletic Club, got away to a slow start last summer, but has worked along and now he is putting on excellent matches and is drawing the crowds. Joe staged a twelve-round setto on March 24 between Cuddy De Marco of Pittsburgh and Eddie Dyer. De Marco was the aggressor throughout and breezed in an easy winner.

KANSAS NOTES

BY WILLIAM PATRICK.

Manager Jack Clark, the "candy man," hasn't been able to think up an alibi for Eddie Dwyer's loss to Pat Corbett. Corbett gave the "Mexican" an artistic lacing at Hutchinson.

At the Cudahy A. C. Joe Ciro shaded Battling Morris in ten rounds, and Jimmy Carter won from "Spider" Kelly in ten rounds.

In the final ten rounds Bud Hamilton won over Buddie Chambers.

Curly Bullard has opened a gymnasium in the Armory at Kansas City.

Bobby Taylor, who announced his retirement from the ring last September, after being beaten badly by Pat Corbett at Topeka, is training for a comeback.

Pat Corbett, welterweight boxer, formerly of Hutchinson, now of Kay-See, has personality and is the "gentleman" type of fighter.

At St. Joseph recently Tommy Maroon beat Abie Black four rounds. Firpo Larson won over Pollock Miller six rounds. Harry Kinneer shaded Lars Larson six rounds. "Spider" Kelly beat Battling Silva in eight rounds. Mike Rozgall knocked out Harry Ruby in the fifth round.

Jimmy Carter and Jimmy Deering boxed eight rounds to a draw at Sedalia.

At Independence, Hamp McNeely knocked out E. Burton in the fourth round. Tommy Irvin and Jimmie Carter boxed a ten-round draw.

At Kansas City Young Leonard outpointed Kid Mack in six rounds. Larry Cappo shaded Jack Barry in six rounds.

THE BODY

By Norman Selby (Kid McCoy)

I LOVE the house in which I dwell
My body I mean and not my cell;
Every bone and muscle and particle combined,
I treat with emotion and try to be kind.

I know it so well from my head to my feet,
It answers my will when I try to compete.
Thru the past fifty years it has obeyed my command.
I cherish each toe, each finger, each hand.

I have guarded my health as a Mother her child,
And I worship dame Nature, for on me she smiled,
Experience has taught me each member to know,
Would improve with use, as onward I go.

To rest is to rust, to fade and stagnate
And action is better than quiet sedate,
My feet speed to action when threatened with danger
And punishment to me has been a rare stranger.

I KEEP my waistline much less than my chest
And that you must do to be at your best.
My heart is a muscle like those on my arm,
That I guard against straining, to cause alarm.

My back-bone is straight in walking or laying,
Giving room for action, my innard complying.
My skin and my joints I bathe and I rub,
At every opportunity while taking my tub.

I keep out of my mind, revenge, anger and fear,
That would poison my system I hold so dear.
I am not much for muscle, I depend on speed,
But I worship my body and its requirements I feed.

My health is perfect as I write these rhymes,
I'd not trade for a million, in dollars and dimes.
If you love the house in which you dwell,
Obey nature's laws or you wont fare so well.

The only knockout of the night was scored by Joe Rivers in the semi-windup, when he landed on Norba Vance, Oklahoma featherweight, with a hard right to the chin in the fourth round.

In the main event Denver Kid and Blas Rodriguez fought ten rounds without either having an advantage.

Frankie Fields and Connie Thompson boxed a draw at the Tractor Club. Kid Hartman lost to Kid Maultbie in another bout.

The main event between Walter Page and Eddie Dwyer was a very poor fight. Dwyer's best punches landed with open gloves and Page's hard swings went wild.

Buck Brady, heavyweight champion of Kansas, was stopped by Ed. "K.O." Kelley in the third round at St. Louis.

At Excelsior Skit Leabo and Jack Barry boxed six rounds to a draw, and Jack San Soci beat Jack Quien.

The Eagles of Kansas City put on a show on March 12. Larry Cappo and Ray Alfino headed the card, with Cappo having an edge at the end of the ten rounds. Tommy Carulla and Frankie Civella added another chapter to their feud by boxing a six-round draw. Leo Lanne knocked out Art Haughnin in one round, and Blas Rodriguez defeated Gus Perone in ten rounds.

The American Legion of Kansas City didn't have a very good house at their last show. Denver Kid, Kay-See bantam, knocked out Sammy Sacco of Sioux City, Iowa, in the fifth round. In the semi-windup Jackie Saunders and Cacho Pancho were ordered from the ring for stalling. Earl Cecil and Phantom Roscoe boxed six rounds to a draw and Leo Lanne did the usual by knocking his man out in the first round. This time it was Bobby Taylor.

The American Legion's St. Patrick's day card featured negro heavyweights at Wichita. Battling Siki, negro, knocked out Benny Bass, sparring partner of Tut Jackson. Pat Shelby beat Jack White in eight rounds. Battling Morris and Kid Maultbie boxed an eight-round draw, and Ed. "Bear Cat" Wright knocked out Tut Jackson in the fifth round of the main event.

The card of three ten-round bouts staged by the Cudahy A. C. at Kansas City, Kansas, March 23, was a good card and was well attended.

Joe Ciro shaded Kid Maultbie in the first ten rounder.

In the semi-windup Pat Corbett tamed Tommy Irvine, the "Tulsa Wild Cat."

In the main event Joe Rivers knocked out Bob Higgins in the seventh round.

At Atchinson Battling Clemmons knocked out Kayo Yap in the first round and Norm Genet bested Eddie Dwyer in ten rounds.

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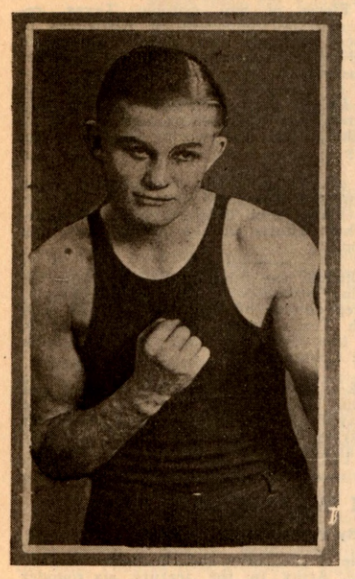
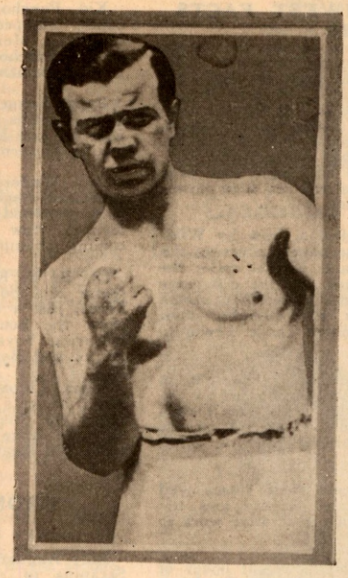
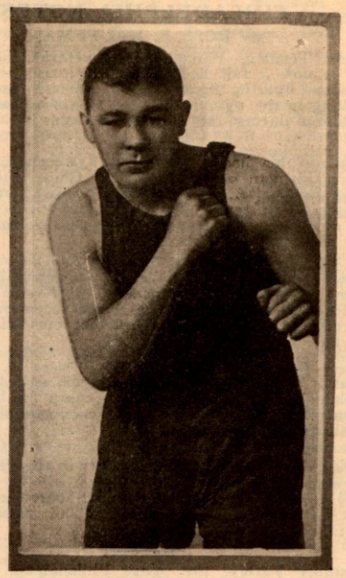


Danny Cooney, stablemate of Tommy Loughran of Philadelphia.



Moxie Miller, featherweight of Cleveland, Ohio. He is a sparrng partner of Al Corbett.

Kid Berg, European bantamweight, who seeks engagements in this country.



George Fifeld, claimant of Canadian welterweight championship.

BALTIMORE NOTES

By EDDIE ROSS

Baltimore fight fans are all stirred up over Joe Dundee, welterweight contender. Dundee took New York by storm when he stopped the highly touted Tommy Freeman in four rounds in Madison Square Garden. Dundee's wins over Jimmie Jones, Jack McVey, Joe Simonich, Pinkey Mitchell, Lew Tendler and his two k.o.s over Nate Goldman, make him the leading contender for Walker's crown.

The Olympia Athletic Club continues to pack them in at the 104th Medical Regiment Armory. Bennie Franklin and Lew Fisher are partners in the Olympia Athletic Club.

Sidney Lampe, former South Atlantic bantamweight champion, who in his debut here at the Jeff-Doyle battle, made good by stopping Bud Cipriano, the Indian from Tulsa, Okla., in four rounds, looks like the makings of a corking good boy.

George K. O. Chaney, who was knocked out in his last two starts, has finally hung up the gloves for good. The K. O. King was a great favorite in this city.

Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion, is still going great guns. The former king of the bantamweight division knocked out Billy Pimpus in three rounds and won a decision over Al Monanaham in the main event of ten rounds at the Cambria Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa. Williams is contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast where he has been offered several matches.

Vince Dundee, brother of Joe Dundee, surprised the local fans by stopping Len Mahoney in three rounds here. Vince has also defeated Johnny Hayes, Danny Gordon, Frankie Ferro, Nick Bass, Pat Halev, Battling Willard and others.

Buster Brown continues to win his battles here. He is a great favorite with the local fans. Buster looks like a coming boy and bears watching.

Phil Ray, the hard hitting southpaw, looms up as one of the best hitters developed in Baltimore. He is being managed by his brother, Frankie Raymond, stage billiard champlon and widely known figure in boxing circles.

Sergt. Bil Hopfe, former coach of the Camp Holabird boxing team, now at the Y. M. C. A. Hopfe has signed a contract to act as boxing instructor for the Y. M. C. A. and should make good.

Bennie Franklin, Sam Beard and Lew Fisher have leased the Berwyn Arena and will stage bouts there this summer.

CENTRAL NEW YORK BOXING NEWS

By FRANK COURTNEY

The new Syracuse Arena A. C., of which Marc Buckland is president, with Joe Netro acting as matchmaker, got away to a fine start with Frank Moody of England and Young Fisher, Syracuse "caveman," in the main bout. Moody made short work of Fisher. He scored two knockdowns in the first round, but applied the quietus just before the bell rang ending the third round. This is the first and only time Fisher has ever been knocked out in Syracuse.

In a classy semi-final Jackie Brady, clever local featherweight, gave Kid Blair of Utica an artistic drubbing.

Frankie LaFay, Troy's entry in the lightweight class, sprang a surprise by giving Joe Glick a boxing lesson in a sensational ten-round bout. There was plenty of hitting on the breaks, heeling, rubbing, etc., but nevertheless it was a fine bout to watch and the fans were well satisfied.

Joe Glick paid Jackie Brady a glowing compliment on his visit here. Glick said that Jackie gave him the hardest bout of his career.

Bushy Graham made short work of the highly touted Johnny Rosen of Toronto in the main bout here on March 26th. The first minute of the bout Graham crossed a right hand swish with both feet off the floor and it landed with a crash on Rosen's temple. Rosen slumped to the canvas and stayed there for the full count for the first time in his career.

Jackie Brady journeyed to Buffalo on March 22 and decisively beat Freddie Mueller in a slashing ten-round bout.

Sid Terris apparently had much the better of Harry Cook, colored, Buffalo lightweight, but the judges declared the bout a draw. Terris had a decided edge throughout the bout with the exception of one round, when Cook landed a series of lefts and rights that had Terris on Queer Street. However, Sid came out for the next round with all his speed and was never in danger again.

Frankie Tropia, Syracuse flyweight, is making rapid progress. Tropia has been winning with great consistency and with a little more experience will be ready to step out with the best boys of his class.

Efforts are being made to match Frankie LaFay, recent winner over Joe Glick, and Jackie Brady for the main bout in Syracuse on Friday, April 23. LaFay and Brady should entertain the fans highly as both are clever, smart, willing boxers.

FROM SOUTH JERSEY

BY HARRY DOLLFUS.

Mickey Gordon, a former manager of boxers around Philadelphia, is still connected with the manly art of fisticuffs, now in a role as promoter and matchmaker in Trenton. He is featuring some topnotch bouts every week.

Mickey Larkin, fast rising flyweight, has just run a streak of eight straight victories and is now after the scalps of Pee Wee Ross and Johnny Brennan.

A sensational fight that will long be remembered by the South Jersey fans was wagered by Buck Fleming of Philadelphia and Battling Mack of Camden. Fleming and Mack were both in the pink of condition and the fight was a rip roaring slugfest from start to finish, with Fleming winning by a shade.

In Bridgeton Sailor Nick Nichols fouled Billy Cree in the sixth round of the windup; Kid McGinnes defeated Joe Hardy in eight-round semi-final; Young Bob Everingham outpointed Harry Jackson in six rounds; Jimmy Hayes defeated Herb Scranton in six and Kid Roberts knocked out Jimmy Marino in three rounds.

Arthur Carabine is making preparations for the coming summer months in Mt. Holly, and is lining up a number of matches for his outdoor arena.

Lew Skymer journeyed across the river to administer Georgie Amblard of France a beating at the Philadelphia Arena in eight rounds.

Jack Valentine, a fistic magnate from South Jersey, is all het up over his new fistic charge in Mendell Bailus, Russian heavyweight.

Roxie Allen pulled a big surprise in putting Johnny Attell to sleep in a half round at the Temple.

Pete Garber, Philadelphia's latest 148-pounder, scored his sixth successive knockout, his last victim being Dick Bucanon, at the Cambria A. C. in Philadelphia. Garber is being towed by Willie Clark.

The Armory A. A. at Salem is drawing also capacity crowds. Matchmaker Jack Dean is making this club a paying proposition.

Scotty McDonald, fighting Scotch featherweight, seems to be passed up by most all the South Jersey boys. The promoter from Atlantic City has tried to secure Bobby Wolgast, Billy Pimpus, Babe Ruth or Harry Scott to fight Scotty, but they all are afraid to jeopardize their chin against the hard-hitting Scotchman.

Billy Washington, formerly of Chicago, is now making his home in Camden. He beat Kid Brooks in eight rounds and knocked out Rudy Peters of Australia in three rounds.

Tommy Farley of Atlantic City is now making his headquarters in Philadelphia and is being piloted by Bobby Gunnis.

Ralph Jannatty, popular manager of Atlantic City who has brought out such stars as Bobby Wolgast, Billy Pimpus and Tommy Farley, has another great prospect in Young Freddy Walsh.

In a great ten-round windup fight Battling Mack gained a shade over the former bantamweight champion, Kid Williams, in the Convention Hall. Charlie Martin, Philadelphia's fighting Italian flyweight, defeated Pee Wee Ross of Camden in the semi-final. Fred McDougal beat George Gemas in eight rounds. Terry McHale outpointed Mickey Diamond in six rounds, and Eddie Chaney won from Benny Kramer in six hard fought rounds.

Harry Scott, the seashore colored flash, after being knocked out by Benny Bass a few weeks ago, made a great comeback in defeating Harry Gimbel, Bass's stablemate, in eight rounds at Atlantic City.

Tommy Kid Murphy defeated Johnny Kochansky of Bayonne in ten hard-fought rounds at the Trenton Arena. Buck Fleming and Chick Kansas fought in a ten-round draw. Al Winkler stopped Johnny Dixon in the fifth round, and Joey Fox knocked out Kid Bevo in two rounds.

Joe Smith, Manager of Tommy Loughran, has now under his management two well known fighters from this section in Danny Cooney and Willie Beetle, both lightweights.

Sailor Nick Nichols of Gloucester was given a terrific drubbing in ten rounds in Philadelphia by Young Muffo of Bristol.

Johnny Okey of Trenton is a good middleweight prospect.

Jimmy Doyle of Lakewood has a great prospect in Paddy O'Brien. O'Brien has been going like a house afire here of late in Lakewood, Camden and Atlantic City.

Tony Russo of Atlantic City is now making his home in New York, where he is going very big. Russo, when around these parts, showed up like a very good featherweight prospect.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's veteran lightweight, who is now a full fledged welter, insists that he will do some fighting again this summer. He has been working in the gymnasium and wants a chance to get in action during the outdoor season.

Philadelphia has a promising flyweight amateur in Harry Blitman of the Shanahan Club, who won the junior national A. A. U. championship by stopping Al Morgan of Boston in the first round. The bout went but nine seconds, Morgan's seconds throwing a towel into the ring.

Matt Adgie, West Philadelphia ice-man fighter, continues to go at a snappy pace. Pete Moran's star disposed of Alex. Bader at the Arena recently. He was offered several bouts on the Coast but will not take the trip for some time.

Patsy Broderick, who used to box as a lightweight, is planning an open air training camp for boxers this summer at Calcium, Pa. He conducts the Maiden Creek Inn there.

The first Sesqui-Centennial bouts in the new municipal stadium in South Philadelphia will be held June 29 by Messrs. Herman Tayor and Robert Gunnis. The next date is set for August 2. The stadium has a seating capacity of 100,000.

Tommy Farley, the West Philadelphia southpaw, who has appeared in Philadelphia and Atlantic City recently successfully, is in strict training for several bouts during April and May.

Sam Levy, of Yonkers, N. Y., captain-elect of the University of Pennsylvania boxing team for next season, is the first sophomore to be selected since the days of Johnny Lucas, who is now in South America.

When Lou Dourlacher first brought Yale Okun, the New York light heavyweight to the Arena in West Philadelphia to meet Tommy Loughran, the crowd was skeptical, but they soon warmed up to the Jewish fighter and he made such a hit that he was rematched.

Battling Murray, Philadelphia's clever little fellow, who was on the sidelines for awhile, returned to the ring in a recent bout with Len Brenner at Lancaster. He will be kept busy this summer.

Danny Kramer has been taking things easy since his setback by Kid Le Roy of Canada, but the hard-hitting Philadelphia lad is not discouraged and will soon swing back into action. His manager, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff. has a number of good bouts in sight.

Promoter Johnny Burns has enjoyed another successful indoor season at his Cambria A. C. The Kensington promoter enlarged his clubhouse this winter and does not regret the improvements.

An injured hand kept Benny Bass, the sensational Philadelphia featherweight idle for awhile, but he is doing gym. work and will be kept busy all summer, according to Phil Glassman, his manager. Nothing would please Bass better than to get a crack at Champion Kid Kaplan.

Ad. Stone, the light heavyweight of Philadelphia, is still laid up and will not be able to fight again for over a month. Danny Kramer, another fighter from Philadelphia, is resting up in the Maine woods, while another battler from Pennsylvania, Terry McHugh, is confined to his home with an attack of grip and will be unable to swap punches again for several weeks.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

SOX PINTO

Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton's entry for lightweight honors, climbed another rung on the ladder of fame by beating Johnny Kochansky of Bayonne. Kochansky came to Trenton with the reputation of beating Joe Glick, on two occasions. The first two rounds were fairly even but from the third round on it was all Murphy. Newspapers in Trenton claim it was his best fight.

Maxie Rosenbloom jabbed his way to victory over Rocky Smith of Battle Creek, Mich., here recently. The bout was very dull. The fans showed their disapproval from time to time.

Young Jack Dempsey of Philly upset the dope by giving Harry Martone a sweet boxing lesson. There was plenty of Martone money lost.

In the semi Jesse Goss, Trenton's negro lightweight, beat Billy Muffo of Bristol, Pa. It was a great bout. No idle moments in the whole eight rounds.

Mike Burns of Philly substituted for Billy Vidabeck and lost a ten round decision to Tommy West of Trenton. The bout was very slow.

Mickey O'Hara, South Trenton sportsman, will soon open a gymnasium for boxers. Such men as Sailor Fisher, Jigger O'Hara, Young Stoney, Sam Gibbons and other boxers will train daily.

TEXAS AND SOUTHWEST FACTS

By DON CEE

Ponca City, Oklahoma. Don't forget the name, folks, and L. H. (Louie) Lewis is the promoter. This city of 12,000 population takes the prize for real fight fans. On March 16 Chuck Buns, the San Antone Socker, was billed to meet Warnie Smith, the Bartlesville, Oklahoma, Bearcat, in a ten-round slugfest. The advance seat sale was in excess of $1,200 and before the semi-windup between Chief Elkhart and Walter Varner the S.A.O. (sold all out) sign was hung out. There were over a thousand red-hot fans turned away from the City Auditorium.

The Burns-Smith bout was called a draw by Wildcat Ferns, the referee, though the papers covering the fight from all over Oklahoma and Kansas gave the bout to Chuck Burns. The result and the difference of opinion regarding the outcome is another match between the two Southwestern middleweight stars. They were rematched by Promoter Louie Lewis to battle over the 12-round route.

Mercy Montez, the little Mexican lightweight of San Antonio, and proclaimed along the border as another Joe Rivers, fought Charley Pitts, Australian lightweight, an eight-round special attraction on the Chuck Burns-Young Stribling card at Wichita, Kan., on April 12.

Texas boxers are well liked and their shows well patronized through Oklahoma and Kansas and the Oklahoma boxers are finding a lot of lucrative work in Texas and Mexico.

Chief Elkhart, a Ute Indian middleweight boxer of more than ordinary calibre, was sent to Tampico, Mexico, in middle March for a series of 12-round bouts by Don Curley, the traveling representative of several Mexican promoters.

Walter Varner, Speedy Sparks, Vecenti Aguilar, Chief Elkhart and Young Jackie Dillon are several more middleweights of the Southwest who are keeping busy these days and enjoying various successes.

Wildcat Monte, the little North Texas lightweight Catamount, is making it tough for the other lightweights around Texas and Kansas. Monte has recently defeated Ray Parker of Denver at Wichita, Kan., Bud Harris at Wichita and Al Mayen of San Antonio. Monte stopped Mayen in the seventh round. This was Mayen's first main event.

Tillie Kid Herman, the veteran in boxing years but not in actual age, has been offered a place on the staff of Champion Jack Dempsey's sparring partners. Tillie Kid will prove an invaluable asset to the champion, as the big, debonair Mexican is fast and a smooth, heady boxer who knows all the tricks and how to pull them.

Brooke Stephens, San Antonio College student, whom we boosted as the high school wonder, has forsaken his college studies. He will try his luck back in the old game of sockum.

Jimmy Owens, battling gamely with both hands bruised in the first round, fought Clawdine Vincent of Stillwater, Okla., to a draw before the K. of C. Club at Oklahoma City on March 29. Owens is the junior welterweight champion of Oklahoma and successfully defended his title.

Tom Story of Oklahoma City pounded his way to a decision over Ralk Hooley of A. & M. College in the eight-round semi-final.

The winner of the main event was challenged from the ring by Tommy White of Houston, who is the welterweight and lightweight champion of Mexico, and Mercy Montez of San Antonio also challenged.

Paul Parrish, popular Oklahoma City light-heavyweight, is going great guns around the Southwest.

Jack Shelton of San Antonio, Texas, has been having weekly all-star cards since the first of the year and has been showing to packed houses. He has been featuring good light boxers from Mexico, the prevailing cards and stars being Carlos Garcia, Bobby Fernandez and Middleweight Dan Navarro.

Mr. E. Wilks McClave, who recently tried promoting in the Alamo City, promoted three straight losing shows, gave the fans as much or more than they expected, paid off the boys, then folded up his tent like a good fellow and told the world that he had had a lotta fun and enjoyed the time he spent for the benefit of others. Mr. McClave is seventy-six years old, an old theatrical manager, and all in all he is one real sport. Mr. McClave was connected with the boxing game in the days when they called it prize-fighting and he handled some good fighters and promoted some big shows back in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Tommy White has been enjoying a high degree of success lately. In his last three scraps he has made several thousand pesos in Mexico and recently defeated Arturo Schackles, Belgian, at Mexico City. White is a real fighter who is hard to beat and is well worth the notice of any big-time promoter. White has defeated every worthwhile opponent within ten pounds of his weight throughout the Southwest and Mexico during the past two years, and he fought in the New York lightweight elimination tournament, being Mexico's lightweight representative to the world's title. White now weighs around 140 pounds in good condition.

Kid Pancho Flores of San Antonio, Texas, recently stopped a tough opponent in Alabanzes of Monterey, Mexico, at Eagle Pass, Texas. The much lighter Pancho Flores knocked the Monterey lad over in the seventh round.

Baton Rouge, La., is putting on good semi-monthly shows at this time under the able promotion of K. C. Banfield and Mike Acosta, the two big buddies of the boxing fraternity.

Don Wofford of Wichita Falls, promoting for the American Legion, and Dutch Meinert of Dallas are holding weekly shows and comfortably filled auditoriums view their efforts in the art of matching coming champions.

Lt. H. P. Killpack, the hustling little athletic director and boxing promoter of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, just a step outside of San Antonio, will soon show the South Texas patrons some big matches, featuring boys like Stribling, Jock Malone, Chuck Burns and Bert Colima.

Lieut. Killpack is going after the big matches and when he gets his stadium completed, which will be ready ere this appears in print, the other promoters near the large army camp may have to fold up their tents and steal away for a long summer vacation.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Billy Augustine of the Navy had the better of Jack Strapina of the Army in the feature six-rounder staged by the Manor Country Club. Augustine appeared to be an easy winner for five rounds and came out in the sixth to settle matters quickly. In this round the soldier fighter clipped Augustine on the chin and the Navy entry went down like a ton of bricks. He regained his feet at the count of nine and after stalling around he managed to last.

Paddy McNulty, former featherweight champion of the Navy, received the decision over Johnnie Walker in the six-round semi-final. This bout was a thriller all the way. Walker showed considerable class in the manner he evaded the Navy boy's rushes.

Irish Johnnie Conroy gave away some 20-odd pounds of weight to Billy Edwards and dropped a close decision.

Frankie DeAngelo won over Jimmy Gardiner in the opening four-rounder. This was the fastest bout on the card. Heinie Miller refereed the show.

The Aloysius Club resumed operations here on March 18. In the feature bout Harry Kid Groves stopped Mickey Devine of Baltimore in five rounds. It was evident from the outset that Devine was in for a licking as Groves is far too classy for such a boy as Devine's class.

In the semi-final bout Johnnie Walker won over Joe Smith in a fast bout. Joe Piscatella had the better of Joe White in four rounds.

Eddie Desimon and Billy Strickler boxed on even terms, while Tony Roos of Baltimore bested Frankie DeAngelo. The club will run its regular monthly shows the entire summer.

On March 21 the Shrine entertained their members with their monthly boxing show. In the feature bout Billy Augustine had the better of Al Ward. Ward broke his right hand early in the bout and was handicapped considerably the rest of the distance. Augustine was content with outpointing the soldier boy.

Paddy McNulty won a shade over Joe Piscatella, Fort Myers' fighting wop.

Young Tobey and Billy Mitchell, two 90-pounders, put up a slam-bang fight for four rounds. A comedy bout opened the show, with Jumbo Eagleston taking the nod. Heinie Miller refereed the show.

FROM VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

Richmond's boxing folk were glad of the opportunity to see Champ Jack Dempsey in his exhibition here on February 20.

Dempsey said that he was coming back to Richmond some time in the future. He was well entertained while here and enjoyed his visit very much. His exhibition was staged by the Richmond Grays Athletic Association at the Grays' armory.

Battling Booth and Joe Stanley, local fighters, opened the program with a real scrap. Both fighters are improving and before very long should be heard from in the bigger bouts.

The semi-final match was a six-round exhibition showing two of Capt. Mabbutt's fighters from the Army. These men, George Leslie, Army feather champion, and Johnny Meyers, 112-pound champ of the Army, are very good boys.

Meyers was also the flyweight champ of the A. E. F. and spent much time in Germany after the war. These men are both now under the management of Capt. Mabbutt at Camp Holabird, Maryland.

Another flyweight the writer wants to see matched around these parts is Joe Colletti of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Joe has met all the best at his weight and would make a great card in the South.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILTON BARON

Pedro Campo, Filipino lightweight, was the winner over Lalo Dominguez in a fast twelve-round bout here. It was a gruelling battle all the way, with both boys landing telling bows. Campo scored heaviiy with an effective loft hook to body and head, and at the end of the fray was bleeding profusely. Both boys received an ovation.

On the same card Tommy Galson, Wilkesbarre bantamweight, scored a K.O. over Kid Gwanahay.

Fighting Delgado, another Filipino lightweight, drew with Eugene Fernandes. Delgado had his opponent reeling from hard rights to the head. It was a good fight, and a draw was quite satisfatcory to the fans.

Johnny Dundee brought out a record-breaking crowd for his bout with Hilario Martinez from Spain. The Arena Colon was jammed, but Dundee somewhat disappointed. Dundee spotted his opponent 12 pounds and this proved a big handicap. Only in the fifth and sixth rounds did Dundee flash some of his old-time stuff, but the young Martinez would not be denied and gained a well-earned victory.

Kid Charol, Cuba's middleweight contender, gained another victory when he easily defeated Panama Joe Gans in twelve rounds. With a terrific left hook to the chin, Panama took a count of eight in the second canto, but arose and clinched until the bell came to his aid. Charol had Gans' nose and right optic bleeding in the fifth round, after which Panama knew he was defeated, and just decided to stay the limit.

Kid Salgado and Nicasio Varela, local bantams, put up one of the best preliminaries in a long time. Both boys did their best to land a knockout. Salgado's hard right cross did lots of damage to Varela, and the kid was given the decision.

Santos & Artigas, promoters, will have a busy year at the rate they are going at present. Within less than a month they have staged three star shows—Jimmy Kelly vs. Kid Charol, Kid Charol vs. Panama Joe Gans, and Jack Renault vs. Roleaux Saguero. Each drew a capacity crowd, and lots of credit goes to Sr. Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez, the matchmaker. This is Mr. Gutierrez's first attempt as matchmaker and he has demonstrated that he knows his business. He recently returned from New York, where he gathered lots of valuable information and ideas, and he is planning numerous stellar fights for 1926.

The United Promoters staged a twelve-round bout between two Spaniards, Hilario Martinez and Julian Moran, on April 3.

Jack Renault was the winner over Roleaux Saguero, the Cuban heavyweight champ. Roleaux, a south paw, had the Canadian puzzled in the first round, but after that Renault adopted a clever style and was never bothered with the Cuban's left. Renault tried for a knockout in the last three rounds, but his opponent covered up well and would not allow Jack to hand the K.O. sign over him.

On the same card Martin Perez defeated Cabo Guzman in ten hard rounds. Perez, although outweighed by ten pounds, proved the better boxer, and received the decision in spite of the knockdown scored by Guzman in the fifth round.

The writer was surprised to notice that Estanislaus Loayza reported to the Everlast Record that he won a decision over Lalo Dominguez in Havana last year. This fight was reported in the Ring magazine in January on page 40. At the end of the fight Dominguez's hand was raised by the referee, awarding him the official decision over the Chilean. Dominguez cannot understand how Loayza should name himself the winner. The writer was present when Lalo offered the Chilean a return fight, but Loayza insisted that Dominguez make 135 pounds instead of 136½, which is Lalo's weight.

Romero Rojas, Chilean heavy, upset the dope when he took a bad shellacking at the hands of Santiago Esperagera, local lightweight. Esperagera, outweighed by 25 pounds, left jabbed and right crossed Romero at will, and closed the Chilean's eyes. In the third round Rojas took a nine count and in the fourth, just when the Cuban was about to land the finishing blow, he hit Romero low and was disqualified.

Aramis Delpino and Pedro Campo fought an eight-round cyclonic semi-final. Aramis scored well in the last two rounds with hard rights to the head, which won for him a draw. Campo really had an edge, but Delpino's strong finish was deserving of a draw.

Suarez & Company, new promoters, had a complete sell out in their Romero Rojas vs. Esperagera fight. They are now planning some extra big bouts.

Kid Salgado scored a two-round K.O. victory over Paquito Miro, and Salgado is now in line for a shot at the bantam title of Cuba.

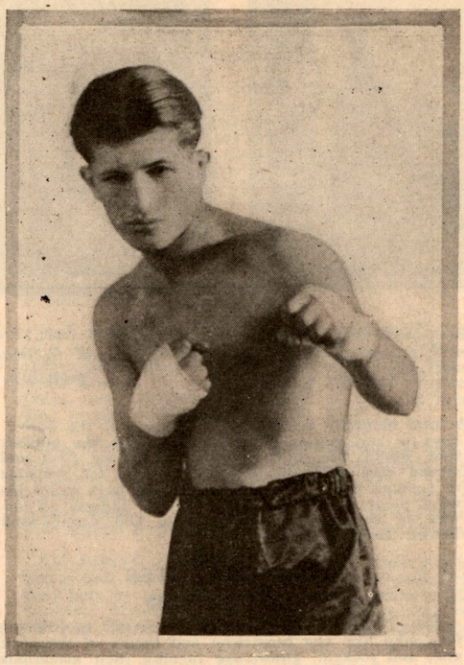
Jack Renault knocked out Marine Tolliver in the first round.

MAINE MUSINGS

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The big surprise of Maine boxing circles came on March 16th when Battling Therrian of Sanford stopped the sensational Laddie Lee (Laddie O'Conner) in the latter's twelfth professional bout. Lee had eleven wins behind him and had twice defeated Therrian but the Sanford boy floored him five times for a one-round K. O.

Graduates From Amateurs



Syrian Kid Leonard, formerly of Holyoke, but now from Waterbury, Conn. He recently turned pro and is rolling up a good record. He is on the trail of Connecticut's flyweight champion.

Red Chapman, that great little Boston featherweight, raised havoc with the proposed Kid Herman-Kid Kaplan bout when he stopped Herman in two rounds of furious milling in Portland on March 9. This victory on the heels of his defeat of Babe Herman puts Chapman with Chick Suggs as New England's sterling featherweight contenders.

Poor Georgie Bulduc came back to Maine intending to show the folks the class of fighting he had learned in New York but after a couple of successful bouts, he took a bad lacing from Johnny Harko of Manchester, N. H., in Portland. K. O. Liberty, Lewiston war-horse, who was once ranked as a "comer," lost to Eddie DeSautels of Dover, N. H., in the semi-final.

Laddie Lee, previous to his defeat by Therrian, surprised the Portland fans by outpointing Scoops Waite of Worcester, Mass., in twelve rounds. Lee hit the canvas in the first round but came back strong for a victory.

Johnny McIntyre, veteran of many thrilling bouts, sprung a surprise on March 12 when he knocked out the much touted Red Griffin of Chelsea, Mass., in one round.

Battling Therrian visited Manchester, N. H., March 8, and was knocked out by Jack Elliott, English middleweight, in three rounds. Therrian lost a decision to Elliott last winter in Boston but has since improved greatly.

K. O. Brown, Tommy Traver's southpaw welterweight and Frankie Provencher fought six fast rounds to a draw in Augusta, March 5. In the semi-final his stable mate, Young Drew of Biddeford, shaded Barney Grant of Lewiston. Bud Fisher, well known to Dexter and Bangor fans, outpointed Billy Fisher.

AUSTRALIA NOTES

By R. A. CUMES

Three very poor fights were staged in the Australian Capital recently. Two tenth-rate heavyweights supplied the bill of fare at Brisbane. Bill Ardon sent Bill Geary to sleep in the sixth stanza of what was to have been a 20 rounder. Both are very crude fighters but very game.

At Sydney, Havilah Uren won on a foul from Joe Hall in the second round. Uren, by the way, has proved himself one of Australia's best lightweights but somehow does not catch the eye of the promoter too often. He is a brother of the ex-middleweight champion Tom Uren and has beaten some very good men. Two tenth-rate colored boys supplied the amusement in Melbourne. Jack Bowden won a point decision over "Cocoa" Jackson after 20 rounds of uninteresting milling.

Les Reynolds and Les Robson provided a good entertainment at the Brisbane Stadium recently. They fought at the welter poundage. Robson retired with a broken nose in the 15th round. Up to this stage, the battle was very much in favor of Robson.

Melbourne fans saw Billy Grime secure a questionable decision over Gene Fernandez after 20 rounds of uninteresting fighting.

Frisco McGale, the ebony-hued fighter from America, gained an easy victory at the Brisbane Stadium recently. His opponent, Frank Austin, was forced to surrender in the tenth round. McGale made a great hit with the fans, who gave him an ovation. McGale won from the start. The Australian is just a poor second rater at present.

At Sydney, Leo Wax outpointed the Filipino, Macario Flores, in ten rounds.

After twenty rounds of uninteresting clinching and wrestling, George Thompson, Australian, gained a decision over Sunny Jim Williams of America.

Oh, for the days when Langford, McGoorty, Smith, Papke, etc., invaded these shores. When will we have such another invasion?

NORTHEASTERN OHIO

By SAMMY WEIDENFELD

Every true fight fan in Akron and vicinity was sorry to hear that Willie Ames, veteran Akron junior lightweight, has donned the leather mittens and ring togs for the last time.

The announcement came approximately five weeks after Willie's bout with Eddie Shea, the hard-hitting Chicago feather, at the Armory, in which Willie was forced to take defeat in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout via the techincal K. O. route.

This occurred while Ames was traveling top speed and was forcing the fight. With but a half minute to go before the end of the second round, Ames landed a hard right uppercut and forced the tough Shea to clinch. It was while coming out of this clinch that Shea uncorked a wide, sweeping left hook to Ames' ribs which had everything Shea had behind it. Willie continued to box and did not feel the effects of the punch until he tried to take a deep breath, and Shea, noticing Willie's agony, continued his bombardment of rights and lefts to his body, which caused Willie further pain.

Then the bell and Willie half staggered to his corner. When the bell for the third round rang, Willie was unable to answer it and the Boxing Commission summoned a doctor into the ring. It was then discovered that two of Willie's ribs were injured and Willie was helped to his dressing room.

At that time the extent of Willie's injuries had not been known and he was signed to box Jimmie Mars for a twelve-round bout at Canton, Ohio, about six weeks later. While training for this bout Ames received a blow in these same ribs which caused him to wince. This caused Willie no little pain and he consulted his doctor. Hence the announcement which spelled finis to his career.

Ames is a veteran of over a hundred battles and holds victories over such boys as Johnnie Dundee and Kid Sullivan. He also beat Danny Kramer, Al Corbett twice, Joe Paglina, Phil Logan, Blockie Richards, Johnny Horvath, Willie Devore, K. O. Johnny Nichols, Benny Valger, Eddie Wagner and many other top-notchers.

With Willie Ames' departure from the ring the limelight is rapidly turning to Max Holub. Maxie is forcing his way into the third division due to his most recent victories over Herbie Schlaifer, Curly Wilshur, Rocky Scott and Andre Dupre, the new French importation. He also holds victories over such boys as Al Zeimer, Lou Dearco, Gaston Charles, Al Dundee and a few other good battlers.

Harold Walsh, Barberton fight promoter and manager, is a very busy man these days. Aside from handling the destinies of Norm Genet of Barberton, Walsh holds down a responsible position in a large Barberton factory. He also handles the managerial affairs of a string of good boxers—namely, Tony Ross, Tod Smith, Al Walthers and Alex Simms, and has these boys boxing almost every night in the week throughout the South.

Joey Abrams and L. Dearco engaged in a terrific twelve-round bout at Barberton with Joey on the losing end.

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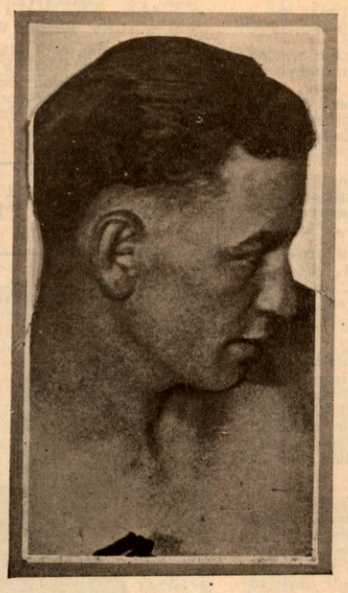
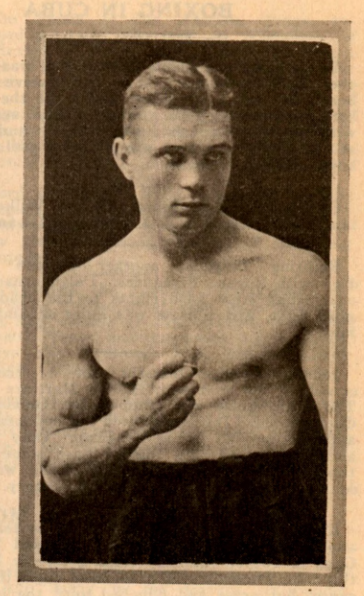
Don Juan Jose Maldonado, known as Al Robinson. He is a Pacific Coast school boy.

Frankie Van Cleveland, bantam, who has won his last 17 bouts, 8 by K. O. route.



George (Kid) Lee, claimant of the New England lightweight championship.



Joe Shannon, Philadelphia lightweight, who is managed by Stan (Lefty) Baumgartner.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Buck Fleming, Harry Dollfus's crack little featherweight of Philadelphia, is one of the most popular fighters around these parts at the present time. Buck hails from Philly's fighting section, the 17th Ward, which has turned out some noted mit slingers such as Nate Goldman and many others.

Harry Dollfus has another battler under his management who looks mighty good. This boy is Pete Garber, a welterweight. He made a big hit at Lancaster last month when he handed the tough Johnny Jacumis of Lancaster, a trouncing in a six round fuss.

Eddie Dempsey is another Quaker City boy who is a big favorite with the fans around Lancaster, Harrisburg and Reading. Eddie always gives the fans a run for their money, and his opponents plenty of trouble.

Tom Laberto, of York, made his debut in the game of scrambled ears by winning from Frank Husic of Steelton on a knockout in the third round. Laberto is a cousin to Johnny Dundee, former featherweight champion.

Cy Mayo, a tough welterweight of Lebanon, looks like a comer. He can hit and sure can take it.

Battling Burns, veteran Lebanon lightweight, expects to stage a comeback.

Johnny Feather, lightweight scrapper of Lebanon, would like to meet Frank Husic, Tom Laberto or any other boy in his class.

The Harrisburg Boxing Club held an all star show on March 8 before a crowded house. Every bout was a thriller. In the windup, Dick Conlon, of Altoona, won from Tommy Cooney of Philadelphia, after ten rounds of fast and furious fighting. In the semi-final of eight rounds Andy Tomasky, of McKeesport, won the judges' decision over Eddie Covington, of Philadelphia. Jose Allano, of Philadelphia, won the judges' decision over Tommy Dundee of Philadelphia in six fast rounds, and Tommy Laberto of York, won from Dick Curtin in the six round opener.

Eddie Dempsey of Philadelphia and "Honeyboy" Bill Evans of Coaldale, fought to a draw in the ten round windup at the American A. C., Reading. Al Winkler of Philadelphia won from Johnny De Marco of Philadelphia in the eight round semi. Al Nelson of Philadelphia and Ralph "Rabbit" Repman of York Haven fought to a draw in the six round "prelim."

One of the most sensational fights seen in Lancaster for sometime was the one between Harry Dollfus's little Scotch featherweight, Scoty McDonald and Len Brenner, Lancaster's crack little featherweight last month. This sure was a fight, but it came to a sudden ending in the seventh canto, owing to a cut over McDonald's eye. They were rematched to fight at the next show.

Dick Curtin, of Lebanon and Johnny Jacumis of Lancaster, fought to a draw in their six round fight at Reading last month.

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's bantamweight contender, received the judges' decision over Jackie West of Philadelphia in ten rounds of milling in their fight at Harrisburg.

A local manager who is handling some of the best boys in and around the coal regions at the present time would like to hear from some good first and second class fighters, who are looking for someone to manage them. He promises all the boys under his wing plenty of work. In answering address all letters in care of the writer, 1116 Old Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Penna.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

The hockey season practically over, sport-loving fans who like the sensations and thrills of the sock em', and rockem' game, are turning their attentions to some fine fistic treats that local matchmakers are lining up. With fighters on the ground, like George Fifield, the new Canadian welterweight sensation; Bobby Eber, the bantam champion; Cal Joe Lynch, Alec Burley, the flyweight champion; Jack Reddick, light heavyweight champ, and others, the customers are sure to see good bouts.

The last show in town, saw that greatly improved fighter, and Canadian welterweight champion, George Fifield, give Mike Dempsey, a terrific beating over ten rounds.

Another local boxer to make his pro debut was Tommy Mitchell, in a headliner, at the Standard Theatre. Mitchell took the veteran Joe Jawson into camp in ten rounds. Mitchell showed in the Jawson bout that he will be a good opponent for Frankie Bull, lightweight champion, Sid Conn, or Chris Newton, in future battles.

Former featherweight champion of the dominion, Curly Wilshure, is home again and looking well. Wilshur, recently came back from Australia where he boxed 20 rounders. Since his return he has battled with Chick Suggs, Danny Kramer, and other well-known fighters.

Rough, rugged and courageous as ever, Chris Newton punched his way to a draw with Johnny Sacco over eight rounds in one of the most thrilling jousts ever seen around here.

There has been quite an invasion of English fighters in the city of late, and the most promising we have seen is Sid Conn, clever, long and lusty puncher, who battles around the junior lightweight mark.

Canadian light-heavyweight champion Jack Reddick is in town and looking in the best of condition. Reddick will be remembered by the fans as fighting a sensational battle with Berlenbach at the Garden last season. Since this time he has fought Harry Greb, Ted Moore, Bob Sage, Kid Norfolk, Young Jack Dempsey, and others.

St. John, N. B., will have another peek at its favorite, Chris Newton, very soon. He will mingle with Newport Johnny Brown.

It is said by local promoters that Alec Burley will very likely do battle with Fidel LaBarba in Toronto some time this summer.

Hamilton promoters put on a boxing show for the first time in several months. Bobby Booth, of Toronto, fought Art Wander, of Buffalo, an interesting ten round bout, and just managed to get down in front. Jack McFarland, of parts unknown, slapped Jackie Jones on the whiskers after four rounds and made himself a card in the ambitious city.

Rarin', tearin' George Fifield, after taking Mike Dempsey into camp, Pullmaned over to Detroit and gave the fans a sweet surprise by knocking out Joe Brown. This is the first time that Joseph had been slipped the slumber pill, and this feat alone brought the Canuck into demand around that vicinity.

Lethbridge, Aba., has been developing a classy looking lightweight in Jimmy Burrell. Already the promoters from that part have made overtures to Frankie Bull to defend his lightweight crown there against was a couple of years ago, but he still retains a Burrell on July 1. Bull may not be so good as he brilliant left hand delivery that can cause plenty of trouble for any of them.

Jack Henning, former amateur champion, and brother of Harry of that ilk, scored a victory when he punched Bert Hillier into submission in three rounds at St. Catherines. If Henning will only keep in condition he can make any of the middleweights step and should be kept busy around here this summer.

IN LOWER BAY SECTION OF CALIFORNIA

Ora Foreman opened his new Arena in San Jose with an All-Star card before a large crowd—band and everything—State Athletic Commissioners, visiting newspaper men, promotors, etc. The new arena seats 3,500 and is well planned and laid out.

Tiger Johnnie Cline of Fresno gave an artistic beating to Charley Lang, the highly touted colored welter of Omaha, in the main event. Joe Lumski boxed a fast exhibition of three rounds with one of his sparring partners. Joe, whose recent sensational victory over Leo Lumski places him in the first flight of his class, is a native of San Jose.

Monterey continues to have good shows. In the last four weeks they have pulled two wonderful cards. The main event in both cases showed Moses Hunter, colored, of Monterey, against Billie Springfield, the white Cyclone of Watsonville. The boys fought at 142 pounds, and in the first meeting fought winner take all. Springfield handed Hunter a fine beating in the first meeting. In the last Referee Toby Erwin of San Francisco gave the decision to Hunter.

The Salinas Athletc Club has discontinued its shows for a time, as the old patronage was sadly lacking.

Jim Gregg, over at Watsonville, continues his string of good shows that are well patronized. He has been featuring Tom Moreno, of Ray Lake's stable, in several of his recent cards and Long Tom continues to do his stuff.

Jack Payne and Wilbur Chaboya both are operating stables in San Jose and both have some good boys, but the outstanding boy of the city at this time is Young Sammy Rice of Payne's stable, who is a fine featherweight prospect. He can and will fight and has everything. Recently Payne took him to Stockton, where he lambasted the day lights out of Kid Lovena, the most recent importation from Manila.

Billie Hickam, who used to fight under the name of Young Al McCoy, is another of Payne's boys. He also has the goods. Billie hasn't been fighting for a couple of years. He held the fast, hard-hitting Johnny Spino to a draw at Stockton. Bud Doyle, a fast, hard-hitting middleweight, is Chaboya's best prospect and will get some place if taken along easy for a while. Chaboya also has the old reliabe Hank Roberts.

Tex Gibson, a long, tall, 19-year-old kid of about 170 pounds, is being coached by Eddie McGovern. He won his two fights recently.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

With the advent of the month of showers, boxing fans in this section of the country find themselves well taken care of in regard to fistic entertainment, for in practically every city from Boston to Holyoke in the Berkshires budding knights of Fistania are shimmering in the ghastly glare of calcium for the edification of the folks who make boxing possible and who turn out in goodly numbers to witness boys in action who may never be champions but who at least strive to give their best efforts, and this, after all, is as much as any, even the most rabid, fan expects from any athlete.

The fans in Worcester, the second city in Massachusetts, are being treated to some high class shows under the capable handling of Cecil Dodge, formerly connected with the Moody A. C., Lowell. Dodge is a veteran in the boxing promotion game and seems to have an uncanny faculty of matching boys who are sure to furnish the fans with thrills aplenty. His last two shows, featuring Harry Kid Brown and Billy Murphy, and Mickey Travers and Murphy, were whirlwinds.

Jack Murphy, at Lynn, Mass., is one of the most popular promoters in this section and his Casino A. C. is the rendezvous of a legion of fans whom Jack can call by their first names. He is a veteran in the game who knows a good match and when he sees one ties it up and brings it down to his "Home of Action."

Honeyboy Finnegan, Boston contender for featherweight honors, defeated Ray Miller of Chicago here this month in a fast contest and by so doing moved forward a peg in his quest for a bout with Louis "Kid" Kaplan. Finnegan is a great card in Beantown, where he makes his home. He is under the able management of Dan Carroll, who also has Tommy Kirby, a middleweight of championship calibre, and a legion of lesser lights under his wing.

Fred Wiederhold, the manager of the largest stable of boxers in New England, is one of the busiest in these parts and scarcely a night passes that he is not found exhibiting one or more of his boys somewhere along the frontier, as he puts it. Freddie is extremely popular with the fans hereabouts.

Johnny Buckley, the manager of the New England champion, Jack Sharkey, Johnny Vacca, Ray Cross, Sam Lucci and others, is another popular mentor who is kept busy showing his classy biff artists through these parts.

Billy Griffen and Marty Fitzpatrick find time from their gym to sign Larry Brignola, Bobby Lowerie and a host of lesser lights for bouts throughout New England. Lowerie recently gave Al Mello a tough session at Lawrence, while Brignolia is a great favorite in Lynn, where he has been a sensation.

Bobby Goldman's star, Al Mello, welterweight champ, injured his left hand while training this month, which caused genial Bobby to cancel three bouts he had billed for his protege, the first of which was to be with tough old Pete Hartly at Lowell. Mello is getting married this month and he has the well wishes of all New England boxing fans.

Jim Toland's boy, Harry Goldstein, jumped into the big time here this month by defeating Ernie Jarvis, the English star, in a fast contest. Toland, who is the owner of the gym bearing his name, has a budding champ contender in Goldstein.

Red Chapman, one of the greatest featherweight boxers now before the boxing public, stopped Kid Herman of Detroit at Portland this month and then journeyed over to New York and took Charles Goodman into camp. Popular Red and his manager have started a campaign that they hope leads to a title.

Chick Hayes, the former bantamweight star, now connected with Kelley and Hayes gym, a popular training ground for boxers in Boston, has challenged Babe Herman in behalf of his protege, Newport Johnny Brown, one of the hardest punching featherweights hereabouts. They may meet here soon, as it would make a good match between two sluggers.

A new boxing organization to be known as the Queensboro A. C. has made application to the Boxing Commission for a license to conduct shows and if it is granted, it will mean one more club to compete with those already in the field in Boston. The followers of boxing in this section can look for some hectic sessions this summer. Solly Snyder, former manager of boxers, is the prime mover of the new project

GEORGIA NEWS

BY COLEMAN McGRILL.

The boxing situation here in Atlanta has been going on at a lively pace since the first show started. King Solomon scored a knockout over Fred Mace from New Jersey in the tenth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout. The bout was fairly well attended.

Hollis Sullivan, local junior lightweight, scored a knockout over Battling Barnett, local 135 pounder. Barnett was substituted the last minute and was in poor fighting shape. Sullivan later journeyed to Savannah, Ga., where he engaged Lou Guglemini in a ten-round bout, both boys fighting a draw.

Frankie Gardini, young promising 130 pounder, is laid up with a bad back that was fractured in a recent workout. Gardini, while training for his proposed fight in Tampa, Fla., with Jakie Melman, sprained it. However, he went through with the fight against Melman and got a draw from the referee.

Walk Miller and his world champion, Tiger Flowers, are now resting up a bit in the Georgia mountains in preparation for his coming fight with Harry Greb.

Tommy Jones is keeping busy these days working steady in several Florida cities. Tommy recently defeated Al Zeimer of Cleveland, Ohio, in ten rounds in St. Petersburg, Florida.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

BY ROCKY CONTI.

Joe Trippe, Western New York lightweight sensation is going like a house afire in his last three bouts. He easily defeated Tommy Burke of Cleveland, Ohio, Ray Romney and Basil Galiano of New Orleans, flooring each boy for a nine count. Matchmaker Jake Carey is trying to book Sid Terris and Jack Bernstein to meet the local champion on April 19.

Osk Till, local middleweight champion, is also on the warpath. He is winning his bouts easily. In his last three bouts he defeated Billy Leonard, Jack Pry and Frankie Kearns. Till is anxiously working himself up for a return match with Dave Shade and for a bout with Jimmy Slattery.

Paul Bernola, Rochester's crack Junior lightweight, is a boy that local fans always like to see, for he always gives them a run for their money. On March 22 he boxed a draw with Frankie Mack of Hartford, Conn., and they were rematched to box the semi-final to the Trippe-Tevis bout on April 19.

Ray Wolford, sensational heavyweight contender of Rochester, who has been stopping opponents with regularity in one round, lost a close decision to the veteran Mike Conroy, local champion. Wolford and Conroy drew the biggest house here in several years, with several hundred boxing fans being turned away.

Kid Savage of Syracuse, one of the most popular boxers that ever appeared in Rochester, surprised the local fans by boxing a draw with Joe Jawson of Milwaukee. According to the writer, Savage was entitled to the decision, but a draw didn't hurt either boy.

Jack Di Neri, local featherweight, finally got a start in the local ring and boxed a draw with Joe Atta, the fighting barber of Nick Mendo's stable.

Nick Testo of Troy, a classy performer, made a hit with the local fans when he defeated Mike Dempsey, local welterweight champion, on March 22.

Joe Lotto, the mite boxing manager who handles Joe Trippe, Mike Dempsey, Phil Verdi, Rocky Scott and several other boys, is keeping them busy.

Ralph Miles, the Wolcott high school youngster, who, in his last two bouts here met Paul Bernola and Kid Savage, is training daily at the Bill Nick A. C., and hopes to meet some good opponent on April 19.

Willie Cutt, former amateur flyweight champion of the A. A. U. and Niagara district, has placed himself under the watchful eye of Elmer Wiedrick, the Leo. P. Flynn of Rochester, and on his first pro bout defeated Lew Atta, a tough flyweight in the Nick Mendo stable.

AT HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Jock Malone, middleweight contender, decisively beat Everett Strong, Omaha middleweight, at Hollywood, March 26.

On March 17 Johnn Farr beat Jimmy McLarnin, the Belfast Spider, in a ten-round hectic go. The decision was popular, as Farr practically pounded McLarnin to a pulp in a great body attack.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo middleweight, has left for Europe for a two months' tour abroad. He was a member of the party headed by Mayor Frank X. Schwab and Deputy Police Chief Frank Carr. Slattery will not do any boxing until mid-summer, according to his present plans. His defeat at the hands of Young Stribling will probably mean that Jimmy will do most of his boxing in the middleweight division where he rightfully belongs.

Red Carr, manager of Slattery, announced that he would not accept any more matches with light-heavyweights. He thinks Jimmy can beat Tiger Flowers or any middleweight but the 175 pounders carry too much poundage for Slattery.

Stribling was a favorite over Slattery in New York, but strange to say the Buffalo betting fraternity were willing to lay even money on Slattery. Jimmy had been knocked out twice in New York last summer and fans in the Big Town could not figure how he could whip Stribling.

As the fight was one of the best of the season and drew a capacity house it is said that Slattery did not lose much prestige, even in defeat.

Rocky Kansas, Buffalo's wandering lightweight champion, is still in the South boxing second raters. Rocky beat Joe Tiplitz at Palm Beach and Freddy Jacks at Tampa. He is booked for a ten round go with Pal Moran at New Orleans and Havana wants him for a bout soon.

Kansas would be better off waiting for a big shot with Sammy Mandell or Sid Terris. He could pull down a fine piece of money for boxing either of these boys and have a good chance to retain his title as well. If Kansas was the fighter he was a few years ago he would whip all present lightweight title candidates with ease. He may be able to beat them all, anyhow.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantam star, defeated Al Dundee in 12 rounds at Mansfield, Ohio, on March 19. About two weeks before this Tommy gave Carl Tremaine a pasting at Akron, Ohio. Tommy also won and lost in two bouts with Bushey Graham in February, which shows the little Buffalo Tiger is going along in wonderful form. He may box Bud Taylor Derby Eve in Louisville, and Buffalo wants him for a match with California Joe Lynch.

Frankie Schoell's manager, Bert Finch, was in New York a short time ago trying to match his protege with Joe Dundee, Willie Harmon or any other of the title-chasers.

Finch was willing to donate his end for charity for a crack at Dundee but up to the present writing has been unable to get anything definite done. Schoell is classy boxer and has an enviable record in the welterweight class.

Jimmy Mack is now managing Hubert Steinbaugh, boxing instructor at the Buffalo Athletic Club. Mack calls him the miniature Harry Greb.

Chick Johnson, old time manager of Harvey Thorpe and other good ones is now in Buffalo, his boyhood home. Chick is here for good, he says.

Outdoor boxing and plenty of it will be staged at the Buffalo Stadium (baseball park) by both the Queensbury and Velodrome Clubs. Matchmaker Murray of the Queensbury Club has a championship match in view and it wouldn't be at all surprising if Rocky Kansas boxed someone at the ball park.

Another match Murray would like to get is one between Tommy Ryan and Fidel La Barba. This would draw a great crowd and gate.

Joe Netro is making a go of it at Syracuse. His new club is playing to capacity houses. Netro is very popular in the Salt City.

Frankie Kearns, Utica, N. Y., middleweight, is now making his home in Buffalo. He is showing good form and recently gave Osk Till a hard battle at Jamestown.

Art Weygant drew with Martin Burke, Harry Cook, negro, boxed a draw with Syd Terris, Jackie Brady defeated Freddy Mueller and Bobby Tracey won over Harry Felix in four big matches at the Velodrome Club here, March 23.

Tommy Ryan and Bushey Graham are the cut-standing bantam challengers right now. These boys are boxing in splendid form and are hard birds to beat.

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In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Reader, New York City.

Q.—What are the correct names of Harry Greb, Babe Herman, Joe Dundee, Willie Jackson and Jimmy Jones?

A.—Harry Berg, Herman J. Souza, Sam Lazzaro, Oscar Tobler, James Jones.

Ring Reader, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Did Jack McAuliffe and Dempsey, the Nonpareil ever fight in Ireland?

A.—No record of it.

Louis Dominski, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Q.—(1) Did any of the great fighters have natural ability or did their training account for success? (2) Is punching a development or natural ability? (3) How do most boxers develop their punch? What about resistance exercisers? (4) Does a fast puncher prove a harder hitter than a slow one? Why?

A.—(1) All great fighters have natural abilty. Instruction, experience and training perfects the fighter. (2) Both. (3) Punching bags. No good. (4) No. Light hitters usually speedier, but ineffective due to getting away before their blows land solidly. Nearly all hard hitters put their weight behind each blow.

M. B. St. Pierre, Canada

Q.—(1) Can you learn boxing from a mail course? (2) Who was the most scientific boxer of all times?

A.—(1) No. (2) Heavyweight—Jim Corbett; middleweights—Ryan, McCoy, Fitzsimmons; welter—McFarland, Britton; light—Gans; feather— Dixon; bantam—Dixon; flyweight—Jimmy Wilde.

J. J. Israel, Oshkosh, Wis.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of these old timers—Rube Ferns, Matty Matthews, Jimmy Gardner, Jimmy Clabby, Eddie Santry, Frank Erne, Billy Papke, Tommy Ryan, Matty Baldwin? (2) Who are the Jewish heavy and light heavies that are active in the ring today? Are there any real prospects among these? (3) Who is the cleverest boxer and hardest hitter of all time among the Jews?

A.—(1) Ferns, Matthews, Gardner, Clabby, Santry, Papke, Ryan and Matthews all American born; Erne was born at Zurich, Switzerland. (2) None. No. (3) Heavies, Mendoza, Choynski; lightweight, Leonard; featherweight, Abe Attell.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who is the harder hitter, Wills or Tunney? (2) Who would win in a Tommy Gibbons-Tiger Flowers match?

A.—(1) Wills. (2) Gibbons has hung up his gloves.

Jack Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Q.—Who can hit harder, Berlenbach or Delaney? Who would win in a return bout?

A.—Berlenbach has more power. Delaney.

J. A. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am twenty years old and would like to start boxing as a professional. What manager in my city can I get in touch with?

A.—Jimmy Mason, who handles Harry Greb.

John Canzoneri, Bensonhurst, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Mandell, La Barba, Bushey Graham? (2) Who would win in a Graham-Mandell bout, also Joe Dundee vs. Walker? (3) How good a fighter was Pete Herman.

A.—(1) The trio are Italian-Americans. (2) Mandell, Walker, but Dundee figures to give him his hardest fight. (3) One of the greatest in pugilistic history.

Walter J. Joyce, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Who won the Greb-Tunney bout? Did they fight more than once?

A.—They fought four times. Tunney lost his light heavyweight title to Greb and retrieved it. Tunney won another bout in ten rounds, and last year they fought ten no-decision rounds in the west.

Ambitious Fan, Philadelphia.

Q.—(1) How can I go about obtaining a license? (2) Is seventy-three inches in reach a good advantage for the 135-pound class?

A.—(1) Get in touch with William H. Rocap, chairman of the Boxing Commission in your city. (2) Yes.

L. O'Brien, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Leonard-Walker, and Walker-Joe Dundee bouts? (2) How do you rate Petie Mack? (3) Who would win in a Greb-Flowers return bout?

A.—(1) Leonard. (2) Walker. (3) Very good. (4) Greb if he could get in condition.

Frank Rossi, Walla Walla, Wash.

Q.—(1) When did Greb beat Tunney for the championship and when did Tunney win it back? How many fights did they have up to 1926? (2) How many world's champions did George Dixon whip? Who was the first world's flyweight champion?

A.—(1) 1922, 1923. Four. (2) Two. (3) Zulu Kid, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Snyder, New York City.

Q.—What do you think of Eddie Anderson? What was the outcome of his bouts with Benny Bass? Has he the makings of a champ?

A.—Anderson has given Bass his hardest fights. He has all the earmarks of a coming titleholder.

Oscar De Vicarilis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What were the gate receipts of the Dempsey-Gibbons bout at Shelby?

A.—$201,485.

Richard Balamouth, New York City.

Q.—(1) Where were Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Frankie Genaro born? (2) Who would win between Dempsey and Wills?

A.—(1) Meriden, Conn., and New York City, respectively. (2) Dempsey.

A Fan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) When was Gibbons at his best—when he fought Dempsey or Tunney? (2) Do you think Jack Johnson could have beaten Dempsey both in their prime? (3) Where is Boyle's Thirty Acres? (4) Who are some of the champions who regained their crowns after losing them? (5) From whom did Carpentier win the light heavyweight title?

A.—(1) Dempsey. (2) Comparisons are odious but the writer thinks Johnson would be returned victorious. (3) Jersey City. (4) Tunney, Ketchell, Attell, Joe Lynch, Pete Herman. (4) Battling Levinsky.

J. D., New York City.

Q.—What is the nationality of Andy Divodi?

A.—Italian-American.

James J. Blake, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—(1) Was Jack Dempsey married before? (2) What are the nationalities of Solly Seeman and Sammy Mandell? (3) Who is the greatest champion alive today?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Hebrew, Italian. (3) Jack Dempsey.

A Reader, Montgomery, Ala.

Q.—(1) How many heavyweights, past and present could have beaten Jack Dempsey? (2) Who was the winner up to the time of the foul blow in the Nelson-Gans fight in 1906?

A.—(1) Three or four in days gone by. (2) Gans.

Alfred Betancourt, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—(1) Do you think that Black Boy is a dangerous contender for the flyweight championship? (2) Is Panama Joe Gans a good boxer? (3) Do you think that Joe Dundee is the best challenger for Mickey Walker's title?

A.—(1) Don't know him. (2) Yes. (3) Yes.

Billy Sculley, Teaneck, N. J.

Q.—(1) What is Tom Gibbon's home address? (2) Must a boxer have a manager to receive a license in New York State? (3) What is the license fee?

A.—St. Paul, Minn. (2) No. (3) $5.

M. H. Underwood, Montgomery, Ala.

Q.—(1) How many fights did Jack Johnson have after winning the title? (2) Was Peter Jackson one of the three greatest heavyweights of all time? (3) Could Sullivan, Jeffries and Johnson have beaten Dempsey?

A.—(1) Nineteen. (2) Yes. (3) Yes.

Woodrow R. Mattern, Middleburg, Pa.

Q.—(1) What is Fidel La Barba's height? (2) Who would win in a King Solomon-Gene Tunney bout? (3) Is Young Bob Fitzsimmons still fighting?

A.—(1) Five feet, one inch. (2) Tunney. (3) Yes.

Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Tunney ever fight Jack Renault, where, and what was the result? (2) What do you think of Vic Burrone's chances of annexing title during next year?

A.—(1) They fought in Philadelphia. The bout was declared no contest upon the completion of the fourth round. (2) Slim. He is a good scrapper.

Israel Demsky, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Is Ruby Goldstein considered a topnotcher in his division? (2) In comparison with Devodi who has the better record? (3) What is the nationality of Young Otto at present a referee?

A.—(1) Almost. (2) Devodi. (3) Hebrew.

Reader, Detroit, Mich.
Q.—(1) Who would win in the following bouts: Sid Terris vs. Charley Rosen; Sid Barbarian vs. Luis Vicentini; Harry Felix vs. Phil McGraw; Sammy Mandell vs. Basil Galiano? (2) Who are the five leading fighters in the middleweight division?
A.—(1) Terris, Vicentini, Felix, Mandell. (2) Tiger Flowers, Dave Shade, Harry Greb, Roland Todd, Jock Malone.

Cal Viers, Buffalo, N. Y.
Q.—Who would win in the following bouts: Tiger Flowers vs. Mike McTigue; Rocky Kansas vs. Sid Terris; Jimmy Slattery vs. Art Weigand?
A.—Flowers, Terris, Slattery.

William Price, New York City.
Q.—Could Jack Delaney whip Dave Shade?
A.—Yes.

Charles Finelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—(1)What have become of Johnny Wilson and Steve (Kid) Sullivan? (2) Is Johnny Dundee the most popular fighter in the ring today? (3) Who is a better boxer, Terris or Mandell?
A.—(1) They are still fighting. (2) Dundee is one of the most popular. (3) Terris.

A Reader, New York City.
Q.—(1) Do you think that Dempsey will fight Wills this year? (2) Who would win in the following bouts: Tunney vs. Wills, Greb vs. Berlenbach, Kid Kaplan vs. Tod Morgan?
A.—(1) No. (2)Wills, Berlenbach, Morgan.

Charles Santo, Detroit, Mich.
Q.—How can a fellow lacking friends and very bashful get into the boxing game?
A.—Search us.

Sam Jones, Lancaster, Neb.
Q.—When and where did Leonard and Charlie White fight? Did White knock Leonard out of the ring in 1920? Did he knock him out at any other time?
A.—They fought at Benton Harbor, Mich. White knocked him half way through the ropes. Leonard knocked him out in nine rounds.

Whitey, Detroit, Mich.
Q.—(1) Is Fidel La Barba recognized flyweight champion of the world? (2) How old was John L. Sullivan when he died?
A.—Yes. (2) 60.

C. R. Reader, Stamford, Conn.
Q.—Who would win in the following bouts: Tunney vs. Gorman, Greb vs. Shade, Berlenbach vs. Eddie Huffman, Walker vs. Milligan, Jack Delaney vs. Jimmy Slattery?
A.—Tunney, Shade, Berlenbach, Walker, Delaney.

A Reader, Millvale, Pa.
Q.—Is Johnny Darcy still fighting, what is his right name, who is his manager, and where does he live?
A.—Darcy has been retired temporarily. So far as we know he was christened John Darcy. His manager is Al Weill. He resides at Bayonne, N. J.

A Reader, Detroit, Mich.
Q.—(1) Was Pancho Villa ever in a double k. o.? (2) Who would win in a bout between Bushey Graham and Charley (Phil) Rosenberg? (3) What is the nationality of Johnny Risko? (4) Will Dempsey and Firpo ever meet again?
A.—(1) No. (2) Graham. (3) Austrian. (4) No.

Jack Pisciotta, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—Was Joe Dundee ever knocked out, when did he start fighting, and is he considered the foremost contender for Walker's title?
A.—No. Began boxing in 1921. He is considered next best to champion Mickey.

Gene (Kid) Golden, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—(1) What is Eddie Anderson's address? (2) I am sixteen years old and weigh 118 pounds. Am I too young to start boxing? (3) What are the nationalities of Eddie Shea, Eddie O'Dowd and Eddie Anderson?
A.—(1) Forest Hills, L. I. (2) No. (3) Italian-American, Irish-American.

Kenneth Gallagher, Huntington, West Va.
Q.—How many fights did Terry McGovern fight on the Pacific Coast? Opponents, results and dates?
A.—Three. Aurelio Herrera, Oscar Gardner, Young Corbett. He knocked out Gardner, four rounds, April 30, 1901; stopped Herrera, five rounds, May 29, 1901, and was knocked out by Corbett, eleven rounds, March 31, 1903.

SAND.

By John Francis Sanford

YOU can teach him how to hook and jab,
And how to step away.
Tell him when to swap a few,
And when it doesn't pay.
You can show him how to get in shape
And how to keep in trim;
The knack of getting down to weight,
And still retaining vim.
You can even teach him cleverness;
Make him fast and neat,
But should he block with his chin
And hear the birdies tweet,
Will he fight back though things look black?
Or is his backbone weak?
A soft spot on the canvas
And safety will he seek?
Then neither Kearns nor Jim De Forrest
With all their master art
Could teach him gameness, nor instill
In him a fighting heart.

A Reader, Chicago, Ill.
Q.—(1) Is Dempsey afraid of Wills? (2) Could Flowers whip Delaney if they fight again?
A.—(1) No. (2) No.

Morris Steckler, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Q.—I am sixteen years old and want to join the amateurs. Where can I join a boys' club or gym where boxing is taught?
A.—Would advise you get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Henry P. Quirion, Jackman Station, Me.
Q.—What chance has Jack Renault getting the heavyweight championship? Why is he classed lower than Tunney and Gorman, considering that he licked Bartley Madden?
A.—Renault has a very slim chance. He should be rated below Tunney and Gorman in spite of defeating Madden.

Frank Agresti, New York City.
Q.—What would be the outcome of a bout between Andy Divodi and Ruby Goldstein?
A.—Toss-up.

S. A. B., Newfoundland.
Q.—(1) Where is Dixie Kid now? (2) How many times have Johnny Dundee and Sid Terris met and who won? (3) How old was Gene Tunney when he started boxing?
A.—(1) In New York City. (2) Twice, Terris winning easily each time. (3) Twenty-one.

Capt. X, Stamford, Conn.
Q.—(1) To become an amateur boxer to whom must I apply in Stamford? (2) I am five feet three and a half inches tall. Am I too short?
A.—(1) Look up A. A. U. headquarters in Stamford. (2) No.

Hyman Golden, New York City.
Q.—(1) When will we see a Terris-Goodrich match? (2) Who is the best boxer in Dan Caplin's stable?
A.—We hope very soon. (2) Sid Terris.

Kid Castner, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Q.—(1) What must one do to turn professional? (2) I weigh 209 pounds. Could I train down to 185?
A.—(1) Turn in your amateur card. (2) Yes.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.
Q.—What are the nationalities of Harry Felix, Basil Galiano, Carl Duane, Eddie Anderson, Mike Dundee, Paul Gulatto, Bushy Graham?
A.—Hebrew, Italian, Italian, Irish, Italian, Italian, Italian.

A Reader, New York City.
Q.—(1) Where can I reach Philadelphia Jack O'Brien by mail? (2) Where may I get a license to fight?
A.—(1) Broadway and Fifty-second Street. (2) State Athletic Commission, 23rd Street and Broadway.

George Brown, Steubenville, Ohio.
Q.—(1) Do you think Rosenberg can make the 118 limit? (2) Can a man weighing 127 pounds make 118? (3) Could Tremaine beat Rosenberg? (4) Is Amos (Kid) Carlin still fighting?
A.—(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Yes. (4) Yes.

Joseph J. Amann, Middletown, Ohio.
Q.—(1) Where is Knute Hanson from, and is he considered a Dempsey rival? (2) Who is the best looking boxer of the present fighters?
A.—(1) Originally from St. Paul. He is not considered a rival for Dempsey's crown. (2) If you mean personal appearance we have to hand it to Sammy Mandell.

E. M. Slossom, Brockport, N. Y.
Q.—Do you think Charlie O'Connell has a chance to become champion of the lightweight division?
A.—No.

William Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.
Q.—(1) What should I do in order to get a license? (2) Where can I get a manager?
A.—(1) Apply to the Boxing Commission in your home town. (2) Plenty of them walking the streets.

A Ring Reader, New York City.
Q.—(1) I have a cross eye. Will I be allowed to box as an amateur? (2) What are the addresses of a few managers?
A.—(1) Yes. (2) Most of them make their headquarters in the National Sports Alliance on Broadway near Forty-third Street.

Solomon Bloom, New York City.
Q.—(1) Will Sammy Dorfman ever rate high as a fighter? (2) Who would win in a Harry Felix-Ruby Goldstein bout, and Ruby Goldstein vs. Andy Devodi?
A.—(1) Yes. (2) Felix knows too much for Ruby; Devodi vs. Goldstein is a toss-up.

Chuck Briskin, Rochester, N. Y.
Q.—Who would win in the following bouts: Joe Glick vs. Benny Bass, Jimmy McLarnin vs. Benny Bass, Ruby Goldstein vs. Mike Dundee, Yale Okun vs. Young Marullo, Harry Felix vs. Andy Divodi, Honeyboy Finnegan vs. Eddie Anderson?
A.—Bass, Bass, Dundee, Marullo, Felix, Anderson.

William Hanlon, Jersey City, N. J.
Q.—How would Walker compare with Jack Britton when the latter was in his prime?
A.—Britton would beat him easily.

A Toast to The Ring

By A BRITISH SPORTSMAN

BILLY AMES, manager of Tommy Milligan, British welterweight and middleweight champion, came into the office of THE RING a few days after the return of the Publisher from his trip abroad, and handed in thirty-two subscriptions from friends in England.

"The boys at home, especially in Bristol, are going wild over THE RING. Some of the boys had never seen your publication until Mr. A. E. Godsland, the sportsman you met in London, brought a few copies to them. I have a mighty interesting editorial by Quip, which appeared in the "Sports News," the leading paper of Bristol, England, on Saturday, January 16. I think so much of this editorial, that I think THE RING readers should be given an opportunity to see what the fight fans in other countries think about this book. I think it worth while to republish the editorial in full and hope you'll do it."

Well, Billy, it's fine to have so many friends the world over. The editorial is too big to reprint in full, but here is a part reproduced:

"Quip's Note Book—Here's a Toast to the Man's Man"

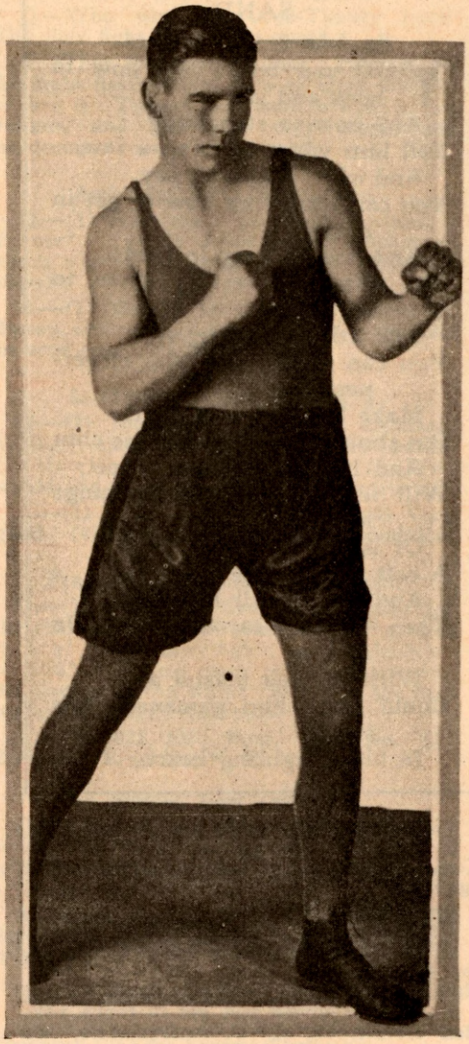
NOT for a long time have I more enjoyed reading a sporting publication than 2 copies of THE RING, a New York sporting magazine published by Mr. Nat. S. Fleischer, the Sports Editor of the 'New York Evening Telegram.'

"They were sent me for perusal by Mr. A. E. Godsland. I've had them over a week. I've read them near from cover to cover. Mr. Godsland didn't stand a ghost of a chance of getting them back till I had soaked up all there was to soak from them.

"Mr. Fleischer has been in London recently and Mr. Godsland met him there. Hence the loan of these two copies of THE RING. On the Continent for the nonce, Mr. Fleischer comes back to England before his return to the States and may pay a flying visit to Bristol. I hope to meet him. He wants to see Bristol because it's the home of the old stars of the prize ring and like most sports students of the States he is steeped in the lore of Jem Belcher and company.

"Scanning these copies of THE RING, I was left lamenting that we have no magazines on boxing, or on athletics, or on physical culture like some they publish in the States. I have always believed that there would be a good market here for an illustrated weekly or monthly devoted to sport—to current popular sport, to football, to cricket, to boxing, with pages about physical culture and health and the upkeep of fitness.

"It would have to be illustrated; to be masculine; not prosy, or stereotyped or wishy-washy; to be a very man's paper. But we have nothing that approximates to that idea. We have nothing, in my view, nearly as good as this illustrated, well-produced States magazine on boxing.



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"Mr. Godsland, in a letter to me, calls Fleischer a 'man's man,' Well, he needn't have troubled. I should have known it from THE RING. There is meat in its every page—meat for the lover of a man's life, the lover of strength, and health and fitness; of fresh air and sensible living, and sunlight and breadth of mind.

"My word, it's fine to get hold of a MAN'S paper like this—one that breathes the broad-shouldered, deep-chested gospel; one that is calculated to quicken the ambition of young fellows to be men's men and not flabby, namby-pamby, painted, silk-stockinged, affected apologies for young Britons.

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"Jump to your feet and clink glasses to that Health, gentlemen all!"

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In sixty-nine bouts since attaining main event class, he has knocked out forty-eight boys and has knocked down every opponent he ever fought, excepting six. Among his victims are George Manely. Tillie Kid Herman, Whitey Black three times, Red Fitzsimmons, Jack Willis, Tommy Freeman. Recently he knocked out Billy Freas, Jackie Clark, Pat Dalton, Bernie Ervine, Whitey Black, Jimmy Cox, Frankie Murphy, Frank O'Brien, K. O. Lenny, Bob Skelly. Critics in the South say he is a wonder boy and rate him a contender for the championship.

Burns' real name is Charley Vanhauten Burnes. He is Irish-Dutch and his hobbies, outside of boxing, are hunting, fishing, clay pigeon and pistol shooting. He is a wonderful shot and a great horseman.

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